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IN MEMORY.

BY VIOLET M. KING.

In Memory
Of all the noble deeds we meant to do,
While our young life throbbed like a triumph song:
When in that long lost childhood, pure and true,
We knew no wrong!

In Memory
Of sweet pale buds that never came to flower,
Of wild flowers trodden down by careless feet;
Of starry blooms that withered ere the shower
Fell cool and sweet.

In Memory
Of Love that left an ever-present pain,
Of dear folded hands, and sweet closed eyes:—
Remembering Love will give them back again
In Paradise!

A GOLDEN PRIZE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "BY CROOKED PATHS," "SHEATHED IN VELVET," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

A WEEK had passed since she had consented to be Lord Carr-Lyon's wife, but reckoning by the change in her it might have been twelve months.

It almost seemed as if Kate, the bonnie Kate, whose light and springy step, and bright, laughing voice were so well known in Sandford, had suddenly been turned into stone. While all the place was ringing with the tidings of her "good fortune," she was going about, feeling as if a great weight were pressing on her heart.

She tried to tell herself that she had done her duty, that she had sacrificed herself for her father, and that the sacrifice would bring its own reward—in time; but she could not get rid of the weight.

It was not because she hated Lord Carr-Lyon, but because she could not get rid of the memory of that other person who had crossed her life's path, as a comet crosses the heavens. All day long—and almost all night—of that week, she had been fighting against the memory of Clifford Raven's face and voice.

It had been almost unmaidenly to think of him before this, but now that she was plighted to another man there was something shameful and sinful in it, and yet she could not forget him.

Even now, as she walked along the cliff with quick and hurried step, the wind buffeting her almost off the narrow path, it was not of this grand ball she was thinking, but of the strange young man, with the dark and mysterious past, who had managed so to impress her that she could not efface his image from the retina of her mind, or drive his voice from her ears.

Hurriedly—almost feverishly, she passed on, heedless that the dusk was deepening, and the wind rising, and it was not until she heard a deep roar, as of distant thunder, that she was reminded of the hour.

She stopped and looked over the rail at the quarry, whence the roar of the blasting had risen, then, with a sigh, turned and retraced her steps, looking across to the sea as she went, and wondering in which direction the man she was thinking of was sailing.

What a shock of mingled pain and delight it would have caused her if she had known that he was there, almost at her feet!

* * * * * *

The sun, the clear and bright sun, which sometimes tries to make us believe that November is an autumn month, shone full upon the rugged hollow of the quarry. Now and again the click of the picks smote sharply on the air, followed by the rumbling of the rock as it rolled down the slope.

The little human hive was all alive, and in the centre, overlooking the whole, stood Clifford Raven. It would have been difficult to recognize in this young and stalwart man, clay in his rough but well-fitting suit of gray serge, the weary, lagging figure that had sat so disconsolately by the roadside a fortnight since. It was not only the loss of his beard and the thick locks of hair that made the difference; there was something more than that.

Work is a finer and more effective tonic than any contained in a chemist's shop, and Clifford revelled in work. It was a delight to him to use the strength of his stalwart, well-knit limbs; and, overlooking his men, swinging the pick occasionally, and breathing the pure, sea-borne air Clifford was almost perfectly happy.

Almost! If he had never seen Kate Meddon, he would not have had a care in the world. But he had seen her, and her memory haunted him; just as his haunted her. Not once, but fifty times a day he found himself standing stock still and forgetful of everything around him, recalling her face with its large, lustrous, "sadly shining" eyes, and her voice with its subtle music.

At night, when he sat in his cottage smoking his military pipe, he went over every word she had spoken, and got into the habit of taking out the shilling which he carried in a small pocket of his waistcoat. He fought against the absorbtion which possessed him, just as she did, but in vain.

At all times and seasons her spirit visited him, and held him in thrall. When these fits happened in the day time he would seize a pick and fall to work like a frenzied giant; and at night he would start up from his chair, and pace the floor, smoking as if for dear life.

All day he spent in the quarry, and it was very seldom that he left it at night, and then he carefully avoided Sandford, and walked in the opposite direction, striding along like a man walking for a wager, heedless of everything in the sky and on the earth; always thinking of her, the one woman who had touched his heart, and made life sweetly bitter to him.

But no one guessed what was going on in the mind of the young manager. His figure was erect, his eye bright and flashing, and his voice clear and sharp. Although he had only been a fortnight in the quarry, the men had grown to respect and like him—all but one.

Mr. Wood was easy-going and somewhat lax, but Clifford Raven was, though not unjustly so, strict and somewhat exacting. There would be no shirking in the future in Wood's Quarry, and, though the men rather grumbled at first, they grew reconciled to his rule and liked him.

They were not at all a bad set of men as a whole, but as there is always one black sheep in every flock, there was a black sheep in Wood's Quarry. He was one of the younger men, a fine specimen of humanity, tall and slim, with a dark face and black eyes that seemed to hint at gipsy blood; indeed, he was as often as not called "Frenchy" Vyse.

This man had regarded Clifford's advent and sudden appointment as manager with anything but a favorable eye, and had withstood all Clifford's attempts to be friendly. He was a good workman—when he chose; but, unfortunately, he was too fond of the bottle, and once or twice Clifford had found him lying asleep in one of the out-of-the-way nooks and crevices of the place when he should have been at work.

On these occasions Clifford had spoken sharply and distinctly, and, of course, Frenchy Vyse had hated him for it. But there was another reason for his dislike. Though he was only a laborer like the rest, Vyse had cast a longing eye upon Nellie, and he had been near the spot from which Clifford had rescued her, and witnessed all that had subsequently passed between them.

He had seen the looks of gratitude and admiration which Nellie had cast upon her preserver, though Clifford had not, and Frenchy Vyse had not been able to forget them. They rankled in his sullen, jealous heart like poisoned arrows, and so it came to pass that Clifford had an enemy already made in Wood's Quarry.

Wherever he went, Vyse's dark eyes followed him with sullen vindictiveness, and once or twice he had been heard to mutter something that seemed like threats against the man "who had come from nobody knew where to play the slave-driver over honest workin' men!"

This morning Clifford had his mind too occupied even to think of Kate, for a large order for stone had come in the day before, which was wanted in a hurry, and extra men had been put on, and all were to work overtime.

He had been hard at work himself since dawn, and was now going the round to see what quantity of stone had been quarried.

With his quick bright glance he leaped from rock to rock, measuring the heaps mentally, exchanging a word with the men now and again.

Suddenly he seemed to miss one of them, and looking round asked of the foreman who was near him:

"Where is Vyse?"

The man looked up and wiped his brow.

"I don't know, sir. Haven't seen him for this last hour. Anybody seen Frenchy Vyse?"

The men who were within hearing rested on their picks and shook their heads, and one or two smiled as they resumed their work.

Clifford's brows came together.

"Darn that Vyse!" said the foreman. "He's always skulking. Good workman, too, sir, when he likes. I expect he's on the drink again."

"I can't stand that stamy time," said Clifford quietly, but loud enough for the others to hear, "certainly not now, when we are all pressed for time. I have given my word that the order shall be executed in time. You all know that, and you know that I have arranged that you shall have extra pay?"

"Aye, aye, sir, that's so," said the men, in their stolid fashion. "You'll find Vyse in the east working, sir," one man added, in a lower tone.

Clifford turned away without another word, and went to the east working, and there, wrapped in peaceful slumber, with an empty bottle by his side, lay the missing man.

Clifford had been used to drunken miners, and knew how to deal with this gentleman. He stirred him up with his foot, and did not waste his breath in words until the man roused completely and sat up, staring at the rude dispeller of his dreams with a half audible oath.

"Vyse, if I were you, I should be ashamed of myself," said Clifford sternly. "This is not the first time I have caught you skulking. What have you to say for yourself?"

The man rose and shook himself, eyeing the stern face viciously.

"You have been drinking," said Clifford, pointing to the bottle. "For shame, man! Where would the quarry be if all of us followed your example? You know I want this work done, and I have pledged my word that it shall be done, and yet you lie here like a helpless pig——"

"You want this work done! You've pledged your word!" retorted Vyse with a sharp sneer. "Anybody 'ud think this was Raven's quarry instead of Wood's!"

Clifford looked at him steadily.

"I am not going to gratify you by quarrelling with you, Vyse," he said. "Come, I've had to deal with your kind before now. You are a good workman, and rather a clever fellow; don't spoil it by being a fool as well. You know as well as I do that I am answerable for what goes on here, and that I'm not the sort of a man to stand by and see my employer robbed!"

"Robbed! Do you call me a thief!" snarled Vyse, with an evil glare of his black eyes.

"Any man who steals his master's time is a thief, my friend," said Clifford quietly. "Now think that over as you go back to your work, and remember, too, that this is your last chance. The next time I find you playing this trick it will be the last."

The man was sobered by the grave, stern voice, and stood, staring sullenly.

"Oh! you'll sack me, will you?" he said sullenly.

"Most certainly," said Clifford calmly; "as I would any man who behaved as you do. But I should be sorry to do that. We understand each other, I think?"

"Yes, we understand each other," Vyse muttered. "You've been my enemy ever since you came to the quarry, you interloper!"

"I'm no enemy of yours or any man's," said Clifford, as quietly as before. "You have only two enemies, Vyse—yourself and that!" and he picked up the empty bottle.

Vyse started, and a dark red stained his dusky cheek.

"Give me that bottle!" he growled. "It's none of yours."

Clifford laughed at the childishness of the request, and raised his hand to throw the bottle away.

As if maddened by the gesture, Vyse raised his pick and took a step forward; at the same moment Clifford heard a cry of terror from behind him, and the next moment he saw and felt an arm thrown across his breast. Looking down in amazement, he encountered the pretty face of Nellie Wood; it was as white as death.

The pick dropped harmlessly in Vyse's hands, and with a smothered oath he strode past them, his eyes fixed on Nellie with a wild glance.

"Miss Nellie!" said Clifford, and he half put his arm round her waist to support her, for she leant against him almost as if she were going to faint.

With a little spasmodic shudder, she dropped her face on her hands, and so they stood while one could count twenty. Then, still pale and trembling, she looked up at him and drew a long breath.

"Oh, Mr. Raven, what—what was he going to do?"

"Who—Vyse? Nothing, Miss Nellie," he said, with a smile.

"But—but—" she said, with a shudder, "he was going to strike you! He had his pick raised!"

"Was it that that frightened you?" he said, laughing to reassure her. "He was only going to put it over his shoulder. He is rather theatrical in his movements, that is all."

She looked at him fearfully and doubtfully, and shook her head.

"No, that was not all! Oh, Mr. Raven!" she paused and pressed her hand to her bosom: "that man—he is a bad, violent man—you will take care, you will be careful?"

"Come, Miss Nellie," he said, smiling,

"you are distressing yourself without any cause——"

"No, I am not," she said, forgetting her natural timidity in her earnestness. "I know Vyse; he is the most dangerous man in the quarry; I have heard my father say so; and—and he does not like you!"

"Do you think so? Why?" said Clifford, smiling still, and letting his hand drop from her waist, where it had remained until now.

Her head drooped, and a faint color came into her cheeks!

"I—I don't know. But I am sure of it. I have seen him—watched him—when he has been looking at you, and you have not known it."

"Have you?" said Clifford, rather surprised. "But I think it's only fancy on your part, and in any case don't make yourself uneasy about him; the poor fellow means no harm."

"I—I am not so sure of that. You will be careful—watchful, I mean?" she said. "It is such a solitary place, this quarry," and she glanced round with a little shudder, "and you are so brave that you are sure to be careless, and—and he is a bad man, Mr. Raven."

In her earnestness, she drew a little nearer to him, her eyes—deep violet now, and very beautiful—seeking his imploringly.

"Oh! come, Miss Nellie," he said, lightly; "now you are trying to make me believe you are afraid of him. Don't think any more about it. By the way," he went on, as they walked out of the working, "I am glad to have an opportunity of thanking you for all your kindness to me."

A swift blush suffused her cheeks, and she glanced up at him, then looked aside shyly.

"My—my kindness, Mr. Raven?" she murmured.

"Yes," said Clifford. "It is to you I owe the comfort I enjoy at the cottage. It is wonderful how pretty and home-like you have made it for me, and I am very, very grateful, believe me."

"Who told you?—ah! Jim."

"Yes, Jim was the culprit," said Clifford, "but I should have guessed that it was you who had acted the kind fairy to an unknown stranger and wanderer."

"Stranger! You forget," she murmured almost inaudibly, "you saved my life!"

"I'd quite forgotten it, and hoped you had, too," said Clifford. "Why, that was a fortnight ago, and I only did what any man would have done."

"I have not forgotten it," she said simply.

Clifford looked down at her with a pleasant fraternal smile. He might have noticed that pretty blonde face, with its wonderful eyes and golden hair, but one other face—Kate's—made it impossible for him to admire any others.

"You must be careful how you go about the quarry, Miss Nellie," he said. "The men are rather careless with their blasting, and you might be hurt when——"

He stopped.

She glanced up at him.

"When you are not near to save me," she said, in a low voice.

"I hope I shall be always near to save you," he responded, speaking in the gentle tone, habitual to him when he addressed a woman, old or young, plain or pretty.

The color stole into her face, but she made no reply, and they walked on for a few minutes in silence; then, for the sake of saying something, he said:

"Are you fond of reading, Miss Nellie?"

"Of reading? Yes, oh, yes!"

"I asked because I have had some books sent down from London. Will you let me lend you some?"

She looked at him gratefully.

"Thank you, yes."

"I'll get them from the cottage," he said. "I hope you will find them interesting. Will you sit down and rest till I come back? Wait, I think that rock's rather wet," and he slipped off his coat and spread it on it.

She sat down and watched him as he went, now striding along the level, now springing from rock to rock, watched him with a strange and subtle light in her eyes.

To Nellie, sitting there, he seemed something more than human, with his handsome face and sweet, gentle voice. She had never met and spoken with a gentleman before, and everything about him had the novel glamor of his class, and he had saved her life!

She watched him, her eyes growing soft and dreamy, and infinitely wistful, and Frenchy Vyse watched them both with an expression of jealous ferocity.

Clifford came striding back with half-a-dozen books.

"There you are, Miss Nellie. I hope they will prove interesting."

"Yes; oh, yes. But—but are you sure you can spare them?" and she looked half frightened.

"Quite sure," he said with a smile. "You see, I am almost too tired to read much at night, and I am too hungry to read away my dinner hour."

"Why do you work so hard?" she murmured. "My father,"—she paused—"my father did not mean that you should work like the rest. He knows that—that you are—" her face grew scarlet,—"are a gentleman——"

"Too much of a gentleman to take my wages without earning them," he said with a smile. "I don't work too hard, Miss Nellie, I assure you. I like work,"—unconsciously he opened his chest,—"it is one of the good things civilization has left us. And it is a pleasure to work for a man like your father——"

"Who's taking my name in vain?" said Mr. Wood, coming upon them suddenly.

"Good morning, Mr. Raven. Hallo, Nelly; thought I lost you!" and he smiled as he took in the pleasant picture they made.

"All going well, Mr. Raven?"

Clifford grew business-like directly.

"All well, I think," he said, stepping up to him. "We shall get out this big order by the specified time. I've put the men on extra wages; they are good fellows and understand the necessity we are in to complete the order."

"Ah, yes!" said Mr. Wood; "ah, yes! they are all right, most of them. By the way, you want to keep your eyes on that Frenchy Vyse."

Clifford nodded.

"He's treacherous, and dangerous. He's one of our best men, and can do as much in one hour as some can do in two; but he wants looking after ye know."

"I know," said Clifford.

"And you're pretty comfortable?" said Mr. Wood.

"Quite," said Clifford, and he was going to add, "Thanks to Miss Nellie," but he stopped.

"That's right. And satisfied?"

"Quite," said Clifford with a smile.

"Right; and so am I!" he retorted with a twinkle in his eyes. "Oh, by the way, I have had a lot of cards sent me for these goings on at Lydcote."

"At Lydcote?" said Clifford.

"Yes; the old place they've been transmogrifying. We supplied the stone you know; before your time. They're going to give a feed to the workmen, and they've sent me cards. It's for the fourteenth; I suppose the men can go?"

"The fourteenth. Yes, the order will be out by that time."

"Right! I don't know whether that sort of thing is in your way at all, if so here is a ticket," and he extended a piece of cardboard.

Clifford smiled and shook his head.

"Thanks, no, I shouldn't care to go."

"Better," said Mr. Wood. "'Tis to be a grand affair. Dinner, an' dancin', and fireworks, and all that. It's all on account of this Lord—Lord—somebody or other; I've forgot his name. He's been altering this 'Lydcote,' you know. But it seems as if this merry-making was on account of his getting engaged as much as anything, for all I can hear. He'd better wait and get married first, I should think. Lord—Lord—'um, it's clean gone out of my head."

"Thank you, I shouldn't care to go," said Clifford.

"Better. It will amuse you," said Mr. Wood, still holding out the ticket.

Clifford shook his head and laughed.

"Why shouldn't you go, Mr. Raven?" said Nellie, softly. "It will be a change. Mr. Raven scarcely ever leaves the quarry, father."

"How do you know?" queried Mr. Wood shrewdly.

She blushed hotly, and hung her head.

"But there, perhaps Mr. Raven is too high and mighty——"

Clifford held out his hand.

"I'll take the ticket and go," he said, with a smile.

And so another link in the chain of fate was forged.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE great day had arrived—the day that Sandford was to mark in its memory with a white stone. For miles round people, gentle and simple, had been looking forward to it; and the most exaggerated notions prevailed respecting the new residence which the young and wealthy Lord Carr-Lyon had made for himself out of the old-fashioned Lydcote.

It was said that he had spent fifty thousand pounds upon it—that it was a perfect palace for splendor, and an elysium in the way of comfort; and it had all been done that Kate Meddon, the bride-elect, might remain near her loving old father.

There were paragraphs respecting the gala day, not only in the local papers but in the London society journals, and one went so far as to give portraits of the earl and his bride-elect, which, considering they were drawn from imagination, might have been more unlike than they were.

At noon the huge marquee was filled with the servants and workpeople, who regaled themselves in old English fashion on beef, pudding and beer, and then set to work at athletic sports and kiss in the ring to pass the time until the firework display, which was to take place at night when the gentry's ball was at mid-height.

Kate had been pressed to put in an appearance after dinner at the marquee, with the earl and the major, but she declined, and the two gentlemen entered the marquee alone.

A cheer arose as the earl appeared, leaning on the arm of the major, and his lordship acknowledged it with a rather sheepish smile and bob of the head.

"You had better say a few words, my dear Carr-Lyon," said the major. "They expect it, you know."

"Eh? what, make a speech? Oh, I say, don't-cha-know!" exclaimed his lordship, looking alarmed. "It isn't necessary, is it? What the deuce do they want a speech for? They've had plenty to eat and drink, haven't they? What more do they want?"

"Just a few words," said the major, beaming blandly on the crowd. "Just say you are glad to see them, and all that."

"Oh, if I must," assented his lordship with sullen reluctance, and, very red in the face, he shuffled to the head of the long table.

There was an instantaneous silence, and growing redder each moment, Lord Carr-Lyon cleared his throat.

"My friend the—the major here, you know, says I ought to make a speech."

"Hear, hear!" cried one or two, and the response seemed to render his lordship more nervous than before.

"I don't know that I've got anything to say," he stammered; "but—but—of course I'm very glad to see you, and—and all that; and of course he blundered on with a would-be knowing smile, "you're glad enough to be here. I'm not much of a hand at this sort of thing, but—you're welcome to all you've had, don't-cha-know, and—and—I wish you many happy returns of the day!"

The men cheered, but not very heartily. There was a false note about the "speech" somehow, and they felt it; and they subsided into stolid silence until someone called out:

"Three cheers for Miss Kate!"

The cheers were given with sincere heartiness, for Kate was known to all of them; for, though she was not a member of the tract and blanket brigade, her presence had brightened many a cottage, and cheered many a heart.

Then was the major's opportunity.

Carefully wiping both eyes, and choking down an emotional cough, he stepped on to a chair, and smiling down upon them with a bland, benevolent unction that was quite touching, he begged to thank them for their kind reception of his daughter's name.

"You might have touched me deeply—er—very deeply," he said in faltering accents. "I could wish to respond to your kindness in feeling terms, but the emotions of—er—a father paralyzes the utterances of my feeling. But I thank you, my friends, I thank you from the bottom of my heart. Coming from you, the—er—residents of Sandford, this expression of your regard for my daughter is especially gratifying, and it is to me a source of deep satisfaction, the fact that, though I shall soon lose her, in the literal sense,—for I shall give her to my dear friend, the Earl of Carr-Lyon, shortly,—I say that—er—though I shall in a sense lose her, that it is gratifying to me to reflect that she will still remain near her old father, who loves her so tenderly. As the mistress of the beautiful place the earl has—er—constructed, I trust she will deserve the—er—regard you have expressed for her. Ladies and gentlemen, as the father of the future Countess of Carr-Lyon, I thank you with all my heart!"

He might have gone on for another half an hour, but Lord Carr-Lyon pulled him by the arm with peevish impatience and almost dragged him off the chair.

"That's enough!" he muttered impatiently. "They don't want any more speech-making. Send 'em in some more beer—that's what they want. Let us go up to the house; I am beastly thirsty myself!"

The invitation cards for the ball were for ten o'clock, and shortly after that hour the carriages began to arrive, for people were anxious to get an opportunity of seeing the wonderful place before the crowd got too large to admit of any moving about.

In addition to the gas-lamps, which were placed at regular intervals along the drive, the avenue and grounds were lit by colored lights which, as the night was calm, burned steadily and threw a fairy-like glimmer of light upon the beautiful shrubs and the handsome terrace and entrance porch.

Lady Warner having undertaken the office of hostess, had done her duty thoroughly, and an army of servants in rich liveries thronged the hall, while a butler of the most refined and dignified type superintended with the ceremonious air of a royal official.

Meanwhile, at a quarter to ten, Kate, in whose honor all these festivities had been planned, stood before her glass submitting to the finishing touches of Ann, the parlor-maid.

There had been a great deal of discussion about her dress, and Lady Warner had been much in favor of white satin trimmed with old Brussels lace which her ladyship had offered to lend; but Kate had chosen a simple dress of black lace, and had persisted in her choice in the face of Lady Warner's urgent remonstrances.

"Black?—for you, my dear! You, a girl scarcely out of your teens, and the person for whom all this fuss is made! Besides, how can you possibly wear the ruby suite and black lace, Kate?"

"I don't intend to wear it!"

"Not wear it, child?" exclaimed her ladyship. "Good gracious me, why not?"

Kate did not give any reason, but she smiled and shook her head in the quiet way which all who knew her had learned to be an indication of firmness not to be moved.

"Not wear the ruby suite he gave you? Why, my dear Kate, it is equivalent to an insult!"

"I shall not wear the rubies, Lady Warner," said Kate, and she stood now before the glass with no ornament save a simple Christmas rose in her hair.

It was a pale and snow-like ornament, but it was not paler or more snow-like than her cheeks. Slowly but surely, day by day, her color had waned, and to-night its pallor, heightened by the black dress, was more like that of a statue than a living, breathing woman. And yet she had never looked more lovely; and even the unromantic Ann stepped back and gazed at her in a maze of admiration.

"Lor, Miss Kate!" she said, in an awed whisper, "black do suit you after all; you look simply lovely!"

And Kate, who at one time, not so long ago, would have been pleased with the girl's simple tribute, only smiled sadly.

Then the major's voice was heard outside the door.

"Are you ready, Kate? We're late, you know. Come along!"

In his carefully made evening dress, artistically padded and satin lined, with his face red with triumph he presented a striking contrast to the pale girl, and as he looked at her with a nod of approval he noticed her pallor.

"Very nice, very nice, my dear," he said nodding; but—er—you look rather pale, eh? A touch of rouge now," he hinted.

Kate looked at him with faint surprise.

"What, papa,—rouge?"

"Er—er—I thought that you looked pale—but no matter, my dear. The warm room will soon rectify that," and half abashed he gave her his arm to the fly. "You ought to be going in a brougham, but no matter, my dear," he said, twisting his moustache. "You will have a carriage of your own shortly. Every thing has gone off very well up to now. The common people's dinner was a great success, and I feel confident the ball will be, if—er—if you exert yourself, my dear Kate" and he shot a glance at her from his cunning eyes. "You must make yourself—er—pleasant, you know. We all count upon your doing that. Remember this is all in your honor; my dear Kate."

Kate made no response. A heavy blight seemed to be settling on her heart.

All in her honor! And she would willingly have exchanged places with the women who collected the seaweed on the beach!

They drove up to the entrance, a couple of grooms sprang to the head of the fly-horses, who seemed rather startled by their attentions, and half-a-dozen footmen drew up in a line to receive them, while the butler stood at the head with the air of a bishop.

Kate looked up at the huge place with its many windows all blazing with light, and a sense of desolation fell upon her, even as the major whispered:

"All yours, my dear Kate all yours!"

As if in a dream she put her hand upon his arm and entered the hall. It was a grand spectacle, almost solemn with its carved oak and tattered banners, and the Carr-Lyon crest emblazoned wherever there was room for it.

Then, as it seemed in a moment, she was surrounded, and accompanied by a circle of courtiers, she ascended the marble stairs lined with exotics and costly statuary.

As in duty bound Lady Warner stood at the entrance to the ball-room, and made a little *moue* of dissatisfaction.

"Late, my dear!" she said almost childingly. "And no rubies!"

Kate smiled and murmured something, and passed into the ball-room. That soft, indefinable buzz ran through the assemblage as she entered; the hum of deep interest, in this case mingled with admiration, for notwithstanding her paleness Kate had never looked more beautiful than she did to-night; and the major's face beamed with gratified pride and triumph.

Lord Carr-Lyon, who had been fidgeting up and down the room and round the edge of the dancers, impatiently eyeing the door, caught sight of her and came forward to meet them. He had managed to keep away from the champagne, and looked rather better and more manly than usual, and his face flushed as he took her hand.

"Thought you were never coming," he said. "What made you so late? You will give me this next dance, Kate, won't you?"

"Yes, if you wish it," she said, in the calm, measured tone in which she always spoke to him. "But ought you not to dance with somebody else? There are so many people here——"

"No!" he said quickly, and with a half sullen glance round. "Hang them, why should I? I'm going to dance with you as often as you'll let me. What do you think of the place as far as you have seen it, Kate; are you satisfied, eh?"

"It is very handsome and beautiful," she said.

"You like it? That's right! But wait until you see the whole of it. It's all been done for you, you know."

Kate stifled a sigh, and turned to shake hands with two or three people who were waiting to greet her.

Then the dance commenced, and Lord Carr-Lyon put his arm around her.

He was not a good waltzer at the best of times, and to-night, in the excitement born of the occasion, and the fact of having Kate for a partner, he lost his head, and danced rather worse than usual: but Kate, who was the best waltzer in Sandford, did not seem conscious of his short comings.

Indeed, she seemed to go through it all as one does in a dream, mechanically and without volition.

"I'm making a mess of it to-night," he said, stopping at last with a short gasp: "I don't always do so badly."

"Let us rest a little while," said Kate, quietly. "The room is very full."

"That's it," eagerly seizing on an excuse. "I knew that old woman would ask too many, confound her!"

"Lady Warner, do you mean?" said Kate coldly. "She understood that you wanted a great many."

"So I did, but I didn't want them crammed together like sardines. Never mind; come into the conservatory and tell me what you think of it." And he led her hurriedly into it.

It was on a par with the rest of the place, at another time Kate would have been in ecstasy with the vast place, which presented the appearance of a scene in a tropical forest; but a view of fairy land itself would not have touched her to-night.

No splendor can arouse to enthusiasm she who stands in its midst a slave, and shackled; and Kate's fetters seemed to eat into her soul.

"It is very beautiful," she said.

"You like it?—Yes, that's right. I flatter myself it is as correct as it could be, and it ought to be, for it cost a pretty pile, I can tell you. Not that I mind the money," he added quickly. "I said that the place should be done properly, if I spent every penny I've got; and if you're pleased I'm satisfied." And he looked at her with a restless feverish eagerness.

"I think you have done all that could possibly be done," she said. "Had we not better go back now?" she added with a nervous dread of being alone with him.

"Oh! wait a minute," he said. "I hate the crowd in there, and—and—I'd rather have you to myself for a little while. Why, I think this is the first time we've been alone together since—since we were engaged."

Kate felt herself growing faint as he drew nearer, as if about to take her hand.

"I think we should go back," she said. "You must not forget your duties as a host, Lord Carr-Lyon."

"Lord Carr-Lyon!" he echoed with a smile, that was rather sullen. "For Heaven's sake don't call me that, Kate! My name is Arthur. I might as well call you Miss Meddon——"

The color rose to Kate's cheek for a moment.

"Let us go back, please," she said. "I am engaged for the next dance."

As she spoke, a young fellow, the captain of a crack corps, who had with great presence of mind, waylaid her on the steps and got his name down on her programme for a couple of dances came bouncing into the conservatory.

"Oh, here you are, Miss Meddon! I've been looking for you everywhere, and in mortal terror lest I shouldn't find you—oh, I beg pardon!" he said, seeing Lord Carr-Lyon; but Kate glided up to him.

"I am quite ready, Captain Starr," she said, and with a slight bow to Lord Carr-Lyon he carried her off.

His lordship stood and watched them with a jealous frown louring on his brow, then as if unable to bear the sight of Kate in another's arms, he turned away moodily and went into the ante-room, which had been fitted up as a refreshment room, and asked for some champagne.

The ball was a success, there could be no doubt of that, as the night progressed, the lights, the music, and the dancing brought a tinge of color to Kate's face and a glow of light to her eyes.

The men were clamorous for a dance with her, and her card was filled before she remembered that she had left no space for Lord Carr-Lyon's name. Indeed, she had almost forgotten him, and for a short space she seemed to be the Kate Meddon of old.

"Kate is looking very lovely to-night, major," said General Warner, as the two men met at one of the entrances. "Thought she was rather pale at the beginning of the evening, but she has warmed up since. She's the most beautiful girl in the room, major!"

"The dear child!" said the major tenderly. "Yes, she was rather pale, but it was scarcely to be wondered at under the circumstances, general. Very trying occasion—very trying! And you think she is looking bright and well?"

"Very, just now especially," said the old general, watching Kate as she glided past him with one of the best dancers in the room. "By Jove! Carr-Lyon is a lucky man. By the way, where has he got to? I haven't seen him lately!"

The major looked round with apparent carelessness, but with a sudden inward alarm.

"Er—I don't know. I thought I saw him a few minutes ago. I'll just—er—look him up," and he threaded his way through the crowd.

The object of his search was not in the ball-room, and the major went to the refreshment-room with a feeling of apprehension.

Lord Carr-Lyon was seated on a couch, his hands thrust deep into his trousers' pockets, his eyes fixed on the ground.

He looked up as the major entered, but gave no sign of recognition beyond a dark scowl.

"Hallo, my dear boy!" said the major cheerily, and glancing apprehensively at the empty champagne bottle on the table beside him. "Taking a rest? That's right! But I say, they're missing you, inside there, you know; better come back, hadn't you?"

"Missing me, are they?" retorted his lordship, eyeing him moodily. "Who are 'they'?"

"A great many people," said the major lightly. "Kate for one. She was just asking where you'd got to. You promised her a dance, you know."

"Kate asked for me?" he said, his face lighting up for a moment, then he eyed the major's false face keenly, and grew sullen again. "Don't tell lies, major," he said, "she doesn't want me, and if she did she wouldn't ask for me. Here, you, give me some more champagne."

"No, no," said the major, in a hurried whisper, "don't drink any more just now, not to-night, my dear boy. Come, we can't let you neglect us like this, you know: you the master of the house." Then in a sterner voice he whispered, "Don't make a fool of yourself, Carr-Lyon, remember half the county's here to see it and talk about it," and his lordship allowed the major to draw his arm under his and drag him up.

"What's the use of my going back?" he muttered. "I can't dance, and Kate would not dance with me if I could. She's happy enough without me——"

"Don't talk like a fool!" said the major, almost savagely, though his face beamed with his ordinary benevolent smile. "Do you expect the girl to run after you? Why, it's you who have been neglecting her—neglecting her, while all the rest of the men have been buzzing round her like bees round honey. Pull yourself together, and for Heaven's sake keep away from the wine to-night! Here, go and dance with that little girl over there, and when you've got a little more cheerful, go and ask Kate for a dance—though upon my soul, my dear fellow, you don't deserve it!"

As they entered the ball-room the music of a waltz was just dying away, and Kate, who had been dancing with Captain Starr, was leaning on his arm, panting a little, her face flushed, her eyes bright; then suddenly she saw her father and Lord Carr-Lyon, and her color fled.

"I—I think I am rather tired," she said. "Will you take me to Lady Warner, Captain Starr?"

"Certainly," said the young fellow; "but I'd rather take you on to the terrace, or some place where it is cooler," and he looked eagerly into her lovely face.

Kate shook her head.

"No, I would rather go to Lady Warner: besides I know you are engaged for the next dance, and you have to find your partner."

Still protesting, he steered her across the room, now crowded with couples promenading, and Kate sank into a chair beside Lady Warner.

"Well, my dear," she said, with a smile; "you are enjoying yourself, I can see. You look better to-night than you have done for some time. I suppose you feel proud of our success; eh, child? And it is a success, my dear!"

"Yes," said Kate absently, her eyes following Lord Carr-Lyon as he passed her, with the girl the major had sent him to on his arm. "Yes, I suppose it is. But how hot it is!"

"Hot? Yes, it is; do you feel faint, Kate?" for the beautiful face had grown pale again, and her dark eyes heavy and listless.

"No, not faint, but—tired," she replied. "Do you think I could get out into the air somewhere? I don't know the way about anywhere."

"We'll take a turn on the terrace," said the old lady rising, but Kate put her hand on her arm and kept her in her seat.

"No, you must not go: you will catch cold: I can find my way."

Lady Warner threw a shawl round her.

"Go through that door on the right, the one with the plush curtain, it will lead you to the palm-house—I wouldn't go on the terrace—and don't be long, my dear."

Kate made her way round the edge of the dancers and passed through the doorway into the palm-house. One or two persons were there talking in a low tone, love-making or flirting, or both, and Kate, with a smile and a nod to them passed by and through a door on to the terrace.

It was a lovely night, the stars shining like diamonds in the deep blue sky, and the silence and peacefulness, contrasting with the glare and noise of the ball-room, fell upon her like a benediction. Drawing her shawl closely round her throat, she walked slowly down the terrace, and leaning against the stone balustrade looked up at the stars.

The ball-room seemed to fade away from her remembrance as the spell of the night wove its influence over her; she forgot that such a person as Lord Carr-Lyon existed—and then suddenly in place of the realities of her position rose the face of Clifford Raven.

She had not thought of him all the evening, and yet here, at the first moment she was alone, the memory of him came back to haunt her.

With a sigh she leaned her head on her hand and her eyes grew sad and wistful, and with a half guilty feeling she surrendered herself to thinking of him.

Then, suddenly, in the midst of her reverie, as if indeed it was born of her own fancy, she heard a voice close below her, a voice that in a low whisper breathed her name!

Her heart leaped, and a thrill ran through her, for she seemed to recognise the voice as that of the man upon whom her thoughts were fixed, and whom she believed to be far across the sea stretching like a plain of silver before her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MISS BUNKER HILL: "Do you have much Indian summer in Colorado?" Major Western: "Yes, we have a great deal more Indian summer than you do here in the East." "I wonder why that is so?" "Because we have got more Indians, I reckon."

Bric-a-Brac.

NOT ALWAYS INNOCENT.—A lady's watch is not always the innocent timepiece that it seems. Within the watch case is concealed a perfect collection of cosmetics, such as a powder-puff well filled, pencils for darkening the eyebrows, rouge for the cheeks, and a tiny mirror in the frame, in order that the decorating may be done artistically; at least so says a fashion correspondent.

A JAPANESE BED.—This is simply a futon spread upon the matting. They lie upon this, and spread another futon over themselves and rest their heads upon wooden pillows and are happy. A futon is a thickly wadded cotton quilt, exactly like our comfortable, and a very nice arrangement such a bed is for the housekeeper. The bed is easily made, and in the morning the futon is folded and put away in the closet, and then the chamber work is done. They wear no nightdresses, but as every person, even in the poorest and humblest station takes a hot bath once, and in the majority of cases twice a day, there is nothing uncleanly in the wearing the same dress at night which is worn during the day.

CIGARS IN CUBA.—The consumption of cigars in Cuba is at the rate of ten per day per head of the population; which after deducting children, and allowing a margin for the consumption of lady smokers, leaves an average of some twenty odd cigars every day for each male. Every year 1400 millions of cigars are smoked in Cuba, and 200 to 250 millions are exported. And the morality is not nearly so terrible as members of the Anti-Tobacco League would hope. The Cubans invariably smoke their cigars "green"—that is to say, still humid and fresh from the factory, while in this country we store the precious little mahogany boxes in the driest room in the house, the Cubans keep theirs by preference in the cellar. Since nicotine is very volatile, it follows that a green cigar is much more overpowering than a matured one.

CHINESE SUICIDES.—Suicides are very common in China, a strong extract of opium being most commonly employed for the purpose, but stabbing with a knife in the abdomen is common. In one case of this kind which was treated at the hospital, the reason assigned for the act was that the man had applied to a friend for a loan of money and had been refused. In order to spite the niggard he committed suicide, that his spirit might come back and perpetually annoy the latter. Possession by demons or animals is a complaint for which patients constantly require treatment. The animals in question are most commonly the fox, weasel, hedgehog, snake, rat. Persons thus possessed are supposed to have extraordinary powers in revealing future events, curing diseases, or indicating lucky events and numbers.

THE HAIR.—In all ages the treatment, adornment and management of the human hair have been considered of the highest importance. The Jews thought the hair a very great ornament, and took particular pains with it. The Hebrew women plaited it, confined it with gold and silver pins, and adorned it with precious stones. Isaiah denounces "the crisping-pins," so that the Jews curled their hair, and the wave in it produced by what is called "crinkling," which is now so fashionable among the fair sex, was quite common in the days of the prophet. The misfortune of Absalom shows how high a value the men attached to long hair. According to Josephus, the bodyguard of Solomon had their hair powdered with gold dust, which glittered in the sunshine. Among all nations of antiquity, however remote, we find the hair highly prized for its length, and beauty, and the color.

SALT.—Salt is often referred to in Scripture, and there at first it is used as a type of barrenness and desolation; due to the sterile aspect of the salt-plains, on which the early writers would look with no clear scientific knowledge to modify their views. It is very curious, indeed, and instructive, too, to read in Judges, that when Abimelech destroyed the city of Shechem, and completely razed the place, he "fought against the city all that day; and he took the city, and slew the people that was therein, and beat down the city, and sowed it with salt." The meaning of our word salt, which is Gothic, has been defined as that which "occasions all tastes," and this is the view which the later Old Testament writers took of it. With them it stood as the symbol of wisdom, giving savor to a man's character. St. Paul, writing to the Colossians, urges that their speech should always be "seasoned with salt, and our Saviour Himself called His apostles "the Salt of the Earth."

IN SIGHT O' LAND.

BY W. F. E.

Above the restful summer sea
The skies are clear, the winds are bland;
And the ship rides on full merrily,
In sight o' land.

An hour—and friend with friend will meet,
Lip cling to lip, and hand clasp hand,
O how the heart throbs sorely sweet!
In sight o' land.

But lo! athwart the radiant heaven—
(Alas for hopes by mortals planned)
The thick clouds of the storm are driven,
In sight o' land.

And that proud ship, which oft has crossed
The changeful sea from strand to strand,
With every soul on board, is lost
In sight o' land.

To, morning comes, with joyant breath—
But cold and silent on the sand
Lie some who saw the face of death
In sight o' land.

Under False Colors.

BY MARY E. PENN.

CHAPTER I.

SIX o'clock on a sultry August evening. The bell of the Hotel du Lion d'Or, at the Picardy town of Mont-St.-Evrard, has just announced to all whom it may concern that dinner is ready, and the habitues of the table-d'-hote are dropping in leisurely, one by one, to take their accustomed places.

The dining-room windows look out on the broad sunny Market Place, with its ancient Hotel-de-Ville and gabled houses.

At the opposite end of the room a half-glass door opens into the courtyard, on the left-hand side of which is the spacious, rafftered kitchen.

The Lion d'Or, though the principal inn of the town, made no pretensions to style.

The innkeeper, Jacques Destree, was wealthy enough to have owned a much more imposing dwelling.

But he loved the old house where his people had lived and prospered for generations, and refused to modernize it, even to oblige his pretty daughter, who had returned from her Parisian boarding-school with ambitious views, and a strong distaste for her homely surroundings.

Valerie Destree was the acknowledged beauty of St. Evrard; but she was far too conscious of her own attractions, the townspeople said, and "gave herself airs" unbecoming to her position; the innkeeper had done a foolish thing, they thought, in making a fine lady of the girl.

In this opinion Valerie's mother thoroughly coincided.

In the matter of their daughter's education, her easy-going husband had for once ventured to set in opposition to her wishes, and she prophesied that he would live to repent it.

Except on Sundays, when they appeared at the table-d'hote, Monsieur Destree and his family dined apart, in Madame's private sanctum—a queer little triangular room, conveniently situated between the dining-room and kitchen, so that the mistress could keep a vigilant eye on both departments.

"Has your master come in, Rose?" she asked, when, after seeing her guests fairly launched on the first course, she entered this apartment, where a smart servant girl was laying the cloth.

"Not yet, madame."

Her mistress shrugged her shoulders impatiently.

"He has gone to Bainville market, and has no doubt lost h'e train, as usual! Well, I shall not wait for him. Tell Mademoiselle Valerie——Oh, here she is," broke off Madame, as her daughter entered; a tall, graceful girl of eighteen, with brilliant dark eyes, a clear, pale complexion, and pretty, "mutinous" mouth.

"May one ask what you have been doing all the afternoon?" demanded her mother, with a glance of strong disapproval at the coquettish costume and elaborate coiffure. "Curling your hair?"

"No, I have been reading," the girl answered, taking a leisurely survey of herself in the glass over the chimney-piece before she subsided into her place at table.

"A novel, of course?"

"Yes, and a very good one. Madame Lebrun lent it to me."

"That's a recommendation, truly!" remarked her mother, in a tone which expressed disparagement of both the book and its lender.

"I can't think, mother, why you have taken such a dislike to Madame Lebrun," Valerie said, resentfully. "I am sure no one could be a kinder friend to me than she is."

"Kind! Yes, if it is kindness to flatter you, make you vainer than you are by nature, and give you ideas above your station! Jean Lemartel is quite right: she is about the most dangerous friend you could have."

Valerie colored and bit her lip.

"I wish Jean would be good enough to mind his own business. What right has he to interfere with me?"

"A very good right, Valerie, as your future husband."

"He is not my husband yet, and perhaps never will be; at any rate, I am not bound to obey him before marriage. If he does not approve of me, he can seek a wife elsewhere—and so I shall tell him."

"But you would not be best pleased if he took you at your word," Madame remarked, shrewdly. "Ah, you may toss your head, Valerie, but I know what I'm saying. Jean has been devoted to you for so long that you take his affection as a thing of course; but if he transferred it to someone else——"

"He is quite welcome to do so," struck in the girl, which called forth a retort from her mother, as she began to ladle out the soup with energy.

"A nice wife you will make for a farmer! You are no more use in a house than ——"

"Come, come, wife, that's enough," interrupted a voice at the door. "If the child is not useful, no one can deny that she's ornamental, and there's room in the world for roses as well as cabbages—hey?"

It was the innkeeper who spoke—a big, burly man of middle age, with a large, clean-shaven, good-tempered face, and kindly blue eyes which had a humorous twinkle.

Valerie rose, and taking him by the lappets of his holland coat, rewarded him for his championship by a kiss on each cheek.

"Now, Jean, my lad, it's your turn," said M. Destree, as he drew back and showed the figure of his companion; a handsome, sunburnt man of thirty, with honest brown eyes, and a mouth indicating both sweet temper and a firm will.

Valerie turned away, affecting not to hear. Jean Lemartel, nothing daunted, detained her, and kissed her cheek.

"When I am not served, I help myself," he explained.

"Quite right," approved his host, laughing, as he sat down to table, and rubbed his bald forehead with a large blue cotton handkerchief.

"And now, mother, give us our dinner. The walk from Bainville has sharpened my appetite."

"Dinner has been waiting this half-hour," returned his wife, tartly. "If everything is spoilt, it is your own fault."

"It is partly mine, madame," Jean Lemartel interposed pleasantly, as he drew a chair to Valerie's side. "I detained M. Destree as he was passing my place, to ask his opinion upon the alteration I am making in the house. You must come too, Valerie, and tell me if you approve of them. You know for whose sake I am trying to beautify my home," he added, in a tender undertone, glancing at the pretty, clouded face at his side.

"Did you leave the books with Madame Lebrun, father?" Valerie inquired, as if her lover had not spoken.

"Ay, and found the 'Chalet' turned upside down in preparation for some grand visitors she is expecting—an English lord and his wife."

"Visitors?" Madame Destree exclaimed, with a short laugh; "lodgers you mean. Veuve Lebrun lets her first floor during the bathing-season, though she chooses to make a mystery over it. You know that, husband."

"Well, visitors or lodgers, they are coming to-morrow; and the widow is in high feather, I can tell you. I couldn't get a word in edgeways while she was rattling on about milord and milady Del—what's-their-name?"

"Delamere," put in Valerie. "They are old friends of hers. At least, not friends exactly; but Madame Lebrun, before she married, was French governess to Lady Delamere's daughters. Madame is going to present me to her."

The hostess tossed her head.

"Much good that will do you, child! Those fine folks are best at a distance."

"She wants Valerie to go to her to-morrow afternoon, and see these folks; they will have come then," remarked M. Destree, with little tact.

"Then she may want," said his wife. "I can't spare Valerie. She is quite set up enough already without the help of Widow Lebrun's fine friends."

The girl's eyes flashed rebelliously. She turned upon Jean with an abruptness that startled him.

"I have to thank you for this. I believe. It is you who have set the mother against my friend; you would deprive me of the only amusement I have."

And, throwing down her serviette, she rose from the table and slowly left the room.

When the young farmer had recovered from his astonishment at this unexpected attack, he was about to follow her, but the host pushed him back into his chair.

"Stay where you are, lad, and eat your dinner. She will come round all the sooner, left to herself. Valerie's breezes soon blow over. As to her going sometimes to the Widow Lebrun's, I see no particular objection to it, though the fine English people may be there. One can't oppose the child's every little wish. Let's hear no more on the subject."

"Very good," said Madame, with ominous calmness. "I wash my hands of it."

While this discussion was in progress, Valerie had retreated to the garden, feeling in her angry mood as if the air indoors stifled her.

It was a large, but by no means an orderly garden that was attached to the hotel, flowers, fruit, and vegetables flourishing together in republican equality; but it had a certain picturesqueness of its own, with its tangled rose bushes, and drooping fruit trees; its quaint hooded well, overshadowed by a weird old elder tree, and its sunny south wall, covered by a wonderful vine which was noted for producing the best grapes in the department.

And at the end, near the tall privet hedge which divided it from the road, was a jasmine arbor, which Valerie called her "refuge."

In it she spent many a summer hour, in idleness as delightful to herself as it was exasperating to her mother.

Here Jean found her, half-an-hour later, sitting on the low rustic bench, idly picking a rose to pieces, petal by petal. She took no notice of him.

"Are you angry with me, Valerie?" he asked, as he sat down beside her, and took one of the restless little hands in his own muscular brown ones.

"I think you are very unkind, and—and interfering," she murmured, vexed to find her resentment melting away under his tender, earnest gaze. "You know how few friends I have—there is no one in this stupid place I care to associate with; and you are doing your best to divide me from the only one I value. I believe jealousy is at the bottom of it!"

"Jealousy?" he repeated, in amused inquiry. "That I am jealous of Widow Lebrun?"

"You are jealous of her influence over me, because you think it is used against yourself. That is the reason you have called her dangerous."

He pulled his beard meditatively.

"That is not the only reason, Valerie, but I own that it influences me. You can't expect me to feel very kindly disposed towards a woman who is doing her best to deprive me of the dearest treasure I possess in life."

"What is that, pray?"

"Your love, sweetheart," he replied, with a warm pressure of her hand.

In spite of herself her face softened, but she only answered drily:

"You are quite sure you do possess it, then?"

"Sure? No. But until lately I hoped I did. Aye, and I hope so still, in spite of Madame Lebrun and her manœuvres. Who is she, an acquaintance of yesterday, to come between you and me? We, who have known each other all our lives! I can hardly look back to the time when I did not love you, Valerie. My affection has become a part of myself, and the worthiest part of me. And you? Oh, my dearest, let me hear you say that I have not deceived myself; that you do love me!"

He put his arm about her as he spoke, and drew her closer to his side, laying his bronzed cheek against hers.

"I thought you had taken that for granted, as we are supposed to be engaged," she returned, trying to speak lightly, though her voice trembled and her breath came quickly, with an emotion which was new to her. "My parents have given me to you——"

"I will not take you from them; I will not take you until I know that you are content to be mine," he vehemently interrupted. "Speak to me, sweetheart; let me have the assurance from your own dear lips!"

Valerie made a feeble attempt to disengage herself, and not succeeding turned her head so that her face was hidden on his shoulder. She could hardly realise that this was Jean, this ardent, pleading lover, whose tender earnestness thrilled her, in spite of herself.

"I—yes, I am content," she whispered.

"And as soon as the nest is ready, you will come to me, my dove!" he said tenderly.

"Oh, I am in no hurry to be caged; you must leave me my liberty a little longer, Jean," she answered, drawing herself away with a little laugh.

The match for Valerie was good and suitable. Jean Lemartel was a man of substance, apart from the land he farmed, a portion of which he owned.

The house belonging to it, called Les Ormes, was large and handsome, while Jean himself was of unblemished character and most genial disposition. St. Evrard thought Valerie was lucky to be chosen by him.

CHAPTER II.

MADAME VEUVE LEBRUN, the widow of a well-to-do tradesman of Lille, had been left with a comfortable independence. A plump, over-dressed, prettyish woman of seven-and-thirty; vain, self-indulgent, and not too scrupulous, but good-natured in her way, when it involved no trouble, and honestly fond of the innkeeper's daughter.

On the following afternoon, when Valerie arrived at the "Chalet Beauregard"—a pert little red-brick villa on the sandy Boulevard near the sea—she found the fair chatelaine—who affected English habits, and was ridiculously pretentious—arranging a tea equipage on a gipsy table in her boudoir.

"Welcome!" exclaimed Madame, embracing her guest with effusion; "charmed to see you, my dear. I was afraid the 'powers that be' might not allow you to come."

"Has the countess arrived?" Valerie asked, saying nothing of the little discordance there had been at home.

"The countess cannot come," lamented Madame Lebrun, sinking into a chair with a tragic gesture of her plump, white hands. "Picture to yourself my dismay, after all the preparations I had made!"

"But why can she not come?"

"The earl is laid up with a sudden attack of gout, and may not be able to travel for some weeks. I received a telegram yesterday evening."

"How provoking!" the girl exclaimed, in a disappointed tone. "I did so wish to meet Lady Delamere."

The widow smiled and nodded mysteriously.

"Never mind, ma belle, you will meet someone as interesting. Who do you think arrived this morning and took me by surprise, for I had not expected him at all?—Viscount Harcourt."

"Lord Delamere's son?"

"His eldest son. He is heir to the earldom and thirty thousand a year. Pounds! not francs, my dear."

Valerie laughed.

"How will he be able to spend it all?"

"And the most charming young man," ran on Madame, flirting her fan. "But so altered, so improved that I did not recognize him. It is true I saw but little of him when I was living with the family, but I remember him as a plain, quiet, studious youth, amiable, but shy and awkward. He has developed into a handsome, accomplished man of the world, and—— Here he comes, I do believe!" she broke off, as a footstep sounded outside. "I asked him to take tea with me, on purpose to introduce him to you, Valerie."

Madame Lebrun rose to receive Lord Harcourt. He was a tall, slightly-built man of six- or seven-and-twenty, with a handsome, *blase* face, bold blue eyes, and lips which were habitually curved in a half-cynical smile under his blonde moustache.

He sauntered into the room with his hands in his pockets, and an air of almost insolent nonchalance, which was exchanged for one of sudden interest when he saw Valerie.

"Permit me," said the widow, with her grandest air, "to present Lord Harcourt to my particular friend, Mademoiselle Destree."

The Viscount bowed, murmuring that he was "charmed," and putting up his eyeglass, favored the girl with a glance of undisguised admiration, which brought the color to her cheeks.

"I was just saying," observed Madame, with an affected laugh, as she placed a chair for him, "that I find you altered past recognition, milord."

"Indeed, I hope I am!" he answered in fluent French. "Boys are generally ugly young animals, and I'm sure I was no exception to the rule. Why, how long is it, madame, since you left us?"

"Nearly ten years; though I can hardly believe it."

"Nor I madame, when I look at you," was his polite reply, with a low bow, for he seemed to have quite the French manner. "I remember you perfectly, though I was only a troublesome school boy.

"Pardon—you were nearly seventeen, soon about to leave Eton; and you were remarkable for your steadiness and amiability."

"Is it possible!" he exclaimed laughing. "I fear I have long outgrown both those characteristics. At least, so my sisters tell me."

"A propos—how are my dear old pupils, the Ladies Maud and Hilda? You have told me nothing about them yet."

"There is not much to tell," he answered indifferently. "You know, of course, that Maud is married?"

"Maud?" she repeated with a doubtful look. "I understood that it was Lady Hilda who married."

"Hilda, of course," he corrected hastily. "I meant Hilda. But our family histories cannot be very interesting to Mademoiselle Destree. Suppose we change the subject?" he continued, as he rose to hand the latter her tea-cup. After which he planted himself upon an ottoman in front of her.

"Do you reside in Bainville, mademoiselle, or are you a visitor like myself?"

She glanced at him shyly under her long eyelashes.

"I live at Mont-St.-Evrard, a small town not far from here," she replied.

"Indeed? I should have taken you for a Parisienne," he remarked, looking her over with a cool and critical scrutiny which in a man of less exalted standing, Valerie would have deemed the height of impertinence. "There is nothing of the country about you—except its freshness. 'Mont-St.-Evrard' sounds picturesque. Is it a pretty place?"

"It is quaint and old-fashioned, but not otherwise interesting. There is nothing in it to attract a stranger."

"No! Yet I have a presentiment, do you know, that I shall find much to attract me," he rejoined, with an ambiguous smile, as he pulled his moustache, displaying the magnificent brilliant which sparkled on his little finger.

"If you are fond of sketching, you may," she answered, sipping her tea demurely. "The ruined Abbey of St. Evrard has often been painted."

"I shall certainly make a pilgrimage to that shrine. May I ask—a—if your house is anywhere near the Abbey?"

"No, it is in the town. We——" she colored and hesitated. "My father keeps the Hotel du Lion d Or."

"But Monsieur Destree is a landed proprietor also, and one of the wealthiest men in the district," her friend hastened to put in, detecting Lord Harcourt's involuntary look of surprise. "It is from choice not necessity that he continues the business."

"Just so; I understand," assented his lordship, and was silent a moment, looking at the girl curiously—wondering, perhaps, she thought, with a twinge of mortified pride, how an innkeeper's daughter came to look like a lady.

But there was no diminution of empressement in his manner; and he exerted himself to be agreeable with such success that Valerie was fairly fascinated.

Never before had she tasted flattery so sweet as this young Englishman

subtly contrived to convey in every look and tone, making her vain heart beat high with triumph, and a vague, undefined sort of hope.

The afternoon fled quickly by; and when he rose, it was with the understanding that he was to return to dine with Madame that day, and spend the evening in their company.

"And now I must go and make myself presentable," he remarked. "I did not bring my man, for he is so very fine a gentleman that I feared he might put your modest household out, madame. But I am a helpless creature without him, and have managed to lose the key of my dressing-case. Does there happen to be a locksmith in the neighborhood?"

"Certainly," Madame replied, touching the bell. "I will send for one."

When the door closed on her guest the widow dropped her company manners, and darting across the room, seized Valerie's hands, and clasped them together with a triumphant laugh.

"I knew it—I foresaw it!" she cried. "You have made a conquest. Now you need not put on that incredulous look; you know it as well as I do. Lord Harcourt is quite prepared to fall in love with you."

"Pray, dear madame, do not joke," the girl returned, yet laughing and blushing. "If you think he is likely to be in any such danger you had better tell him that I am engaged."

"Indeed, I shall tell him nothing of the sort," said Madame Lebrun. "I should like you to be the wife of a fine young English noble, my dear, and to be mistress of a grand chateau in England, where I could come and visit you. It would be utterly preposterous for a girl with your advantages to throw yourself away upon Jean Lemartel."

Valerie sighed. If Jean were but a nobleman, with a grand chateau and more wealth than could be counted!

"I suppose," she said, quitting the subject, "that Lord Harcourt is inhabiting the apartments you prepared for his father and mother?"

"To be sure he is. They sent him to take possession that I should not be quite disappointed. It was so good of them! But, my dear," added Madame, shrewdly, "I foresee he will spend more of his time in my rooms than in his. And there is one caution I should like to give you, Valerie—do not mention at home that it is young Harcourt who has come; let them think—as of course they will think—that it is the old lord, his father. If your mother thought any young fellow was here, lord or no lord, she would stop your visits forthwith."

* * * * * *

Three or four weeks have passed away. Summer is waning into autumn, and the rich, undulating country round St. Jean is all a sea of golden wheat.

At Les Ormes, Jean Lemartel's farm, the reaping machine is already at work, and his leisure moments are few, though he rarely fails in his evening visit to the Lion d'Or.

But of late, the course of Jean's true love had run anything but smoothly. A shadow and constraint had risen up, he scarcely knew how, between himself and Valerie.

Her manner was strangely capricious; sometimes cold and distant, at others unusually gentle, with a touch of deprecation, as if conscious of deserving his displeasure. He felt puzzled, doubtful, and vaguely uneasy.

One sultry afternoon Jean made his appearance at the Lion d'Or some few hours before his usual time.

Red-headed Berthe, the stout, hard-working house-girl, who was seated on a bench outside the kitchen door, preparing vegetables for the soup, glanced up in surprise as he entered the courtyard.

"Is Mademoiselle at home?" he quietly inquired.

"No, monsieur. She is spending the afternoon with Madame Lebrun."

"Again!" he exclaimed involuntarily. "Why, she was there yesterday!"

The girl glanced at him oddly under her light eyelashes.

"Shall I tell him what I know?" she debated within herself. "It would serve Mam'zelle Valerie right. Little cat! For all her superior airs, she is not above having a sweetheart on the sly; and telling things to Rose that she doesn't tell me! Yes, monsieur," she said aloud, "Mademoiselle has been invited very often since Madame's visitor arrived."

"What visitor? Oh, you mean the lodger—the old English lord."

Berthe looked up innocently.

"Comment, comment, Monsieur Lemartel, you did not know? It was not the old lord who came and is staying at the chalet; it is his son, a young and handsome gentleman, and a great admirer, Rose says, of Mademoiselle."

Jean started as though he had been struck.

Rose was the personal maid of Madame and Mademoiselle Destree, having nothing to do with the service of the hotel; and it was Rose who attended her young mistress to Madame Lebrun's and back whenever she went there; for a well brought up young French girl does not go out alone.

"A young man staying there—the son!" exclaimed Jean, his bronzed face flushing to the temples. "I think you must be in error, Berthe. Mademoiselle has not said so."

Berthe laughed quietly.

"You can inquire of anybody over there, M. Jean," she said, as she rose and shook the parings from her apron. "It is the young one, sure enough, monsieur, and he is over head and ears in love with our demoiselle. He will inherit a sumptuous palace in England, and millions and millions of francs a year!"

Jean believed her. He felt instinctively that it was true, and that this was the explanation of the change in Valerie which had so perplexed him.

Losing not a minute, he turned away, and sought the train for Bainville, his heart burning with anger, and sick with jealous pain.

The Bainville season was now at its height, and the bright, breezy little watering-place was overflowing with visitors. On this particular afternoon, the gardens of the casino were thronged with a gaily-dressed crowd, promenading to the sound of a band, which was vigorously attacking the overture to Zampa.

Among the groups seated under the glass-roofed verandah in front of the building were Madame Lebrun and Valerie.

The girl looked languid and listless, and her eyes wandered absently over the crowd, as if her thoughts were elsewhere.

Her companion was fluttering her fan, and glancing restlessly towards the entrance gate.

"How provoking it is!" she muttered at last. "The concert will be over before the Viscomte joins us—thanks to that tiresome friend of his, that vulgar Mr. Lester. I wonder how he can tolerate the familiarity of the man. Here he comes at last, and Lester, of course, with him still!"

Mr. Lester, a friend of Lord Harcourt's, had arrived at Bainville the previous evening; he was a stout, common-looking man of forty, whose fashionably cut clothes seemed to sit uneasily on his clumsy figure.

The two men formed a curious contrast as they advanced slowly up the broad carriage drive leading to the casino, Mr. Lester talking earnestly, while his companion listened with unconcealed impatience.

At the foot of the verandah steps the Viscount paused.

"I have given you my answer," he said brusquely. "You are wasting breath in saying more."

"And, after what I have told you, you persist in staying?"

"Over to-day, yes. What difference can twenty-four hours make?"

"All the difference between safety and —"

"Hold your tongue!" the young man broke in, hurriedly glancing over his shoulder. "Do you want all the world to hear?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"The Biter Bit."

BY D. KER.

MAJOR DE LANCY was sitting at his club in Charles Street, smoking. He was, for the time, alone, and not only was his face serious, but he was drawing at his cigar with a certain fierceness which denoted anger and annoyance.

"Hallo, De Lancy," cried a well-known voice. "What's up? you look as grave as an undertaker."

"And you as though you would soon require my services. I may safely echo your question! Why, Vane, you are but the shadow of the merry lad who joined us not many years ago. You're going the pace too fast."

"I know it; but it's too late to put the drag on."

"Not a bit of it. It is never too late to mend—turn over a new leaf."

"I would if I could tear out the old one; but I'm in debt and difficulties, and cannot extricate myself."

The major continued to pull strongly at his cigar, and silence fell between them.

"Charlie," he said, looking up suddenly, "I'm off home to-morrow, to Yorkshire. The preserves are good—lots of young birds, and this is only the first of September. I should have started yesterday, you may be sure, but for something which has rather put me out and detained me here against my will. And now, my boy, suppose you accompany me; it will give you plenty of time to confide your troubles to me, if you feel inclined. I have asked a few good fellows down, and my dear old mother and pretty little sister will make you welcome. They always come and take care of me and my friends at my little shooting box, and declare they like it, although it cannot be half so comfortable as their own home."

"But they have your society to make up for it."

"That is what they say. They are weak enough to believe in me completely," he laughed.

"Not so very wrong either," returned Charles Vane with a smile; "but are you sure they wouldn't think me an awful bore?"

"Quite; they extend their welcome to my friends. Shall we start by the afternoon train?"

"It is awfully good of you."

"And you will come?"

"I should like it muchly—it was a lucky chance for me which kept you in town. It's an ill wind which brings good to no one."

"Then that is settled. It is the first time I have ceased to feel savage for the past two days."

"That is not much in your line either, major. Your circumstances and disposition seem generally to make life an easy matter with you."

"Well, I'm a bit off the line now. It is not pleasant to receive a demand from a man you don't know, to return him a thousand pounds which you have never borrowed, now is it?"

"By Jove, no! Who has been trying on that game with you?"

"Cheatham, the advertising money-lender, of Swindle Street."

"The deuce he has! He's the sharpest old beggar in town; Jew to the back-bone, although he eats pork like a Christian, and would produce his baptismal certificate at a few hours' notice if you doubted his assurance of his religious views. There is no dodge he is not up to."

"Well, it's a case of 'the biter bit' this time; he has been 'had' at last."

"What, old Cheatham? I'd like to shake hands with the man who could outwit him."

"I don't think I should."

"I'm all curiosity, major; do tell me about it."

"Well, the day before yesterday I had got my leave, and had made up my mind to travel from Plymouth by the night train, when I received a letter from the money-lender, telling me my bill was due, and requesting immediate payment of the same. I wired back that there must be some mistake, as I had given him no bill, and received a return telegram saying: 'There was no mistake whatever.' Upon which I took this strange communication over to the colonel, and asked his advice. It was to run up to London and sift the matter. I did so, and here I am."

"And what about the bill?"

"It had been given him by some one representing himself to be me, and very cleverly the rascal did it. He called at Cheatham's office and sent in his card, 'Major George De Lancy, 120th Fusiliers.'

"The eagle-eyed one of course saw him, and by his own account was exceedingly polite.

"The stranger seems to have been a man of about my own age, of military and gentlemanly appearance.

'He told Cheatham that he had independent means, but that he was for the moment inconvenienced for a little ready money in consequence of some family matters; and that he had made up his mind to borrow a thousand pounds; but, from whoever he might get it, he should require a promise of strict secrecy, and the sum should be returned in four months, but he would permit no inquiries to be made concerning him.

"He was not in the habit of borrowing, and it would annoy him greatly if the transaction became known.

"Mr. Cheatham promised implicit obedience, swore never to betray the major's confidence, and asked when the money would be required, as he might not be able to supply it for a day or two.

"His client told him with nonchalance that there was no hurry whatever—the affair was not pressing, a week hence would do for him admirably, and Cheatham, unctuously rubbing his hands together, said that would suit him exactly; upon which the stranger took up his hat and gloves and turned to the door, but Mr. Cheatham was there before him, bowing him out with his extra best cringe.

"Of course he did make inquiries, he admits the fact, and found that my credit was good, and that I was the owner of a couple of estates, and he was more than satisfied.

"When the sharper returned, at the day and hour appointed, he entered the money lender's office in a towering passion.

"He knew human nature, and doubtless had had dealings with other Mr. Cheathams before. He was aware that it was a dead certainty that the man had made inquiries, and he traded on it.

"He accused the wretched Jew of having broken his word, and vowed that nothing on earth should induce him to take a penny of his 'dirty money,' and paced the office in a fury.

"In vain Cheatham swore by all his gods that he had not inquired, not asked one single question.

"The major would have nothing whatever to do with him, and strode to the door—but again Cheatham was there first, and in possession of the handle.

"He would not be denied.

"The major must not go; the money was actually in his office; he would make it twice the sum, if he desired it, upon his note of hand only. He should be so sorry not to do business with him in consequence of such an unpleasant mistake.

"He begged, and prayed, and implored till the major's anger cooled, and to oblige Cheatham, simply to oblige him, he at last consented to take the thousand pounds, for which he had bargained; showing the most utter indifference about it. The money-lender eagerly counted out the notes, and handed them to him, and the major left the office."

"And did not return to it?"

"No, and never will; he changed the notes, and started for another country, wherein to begin a new life! It is the cleverest trick I have ever heard of."

"Poor beggar! I hope he'll reform," said Charlie Vane, "and by Jove! I'm glad he gave Cheatham a lesson; he has ruined many a good fellow who had got mercilessly entangled in his net. Of course you're not responsible in any way."

"Neither morally nor legally; he is too big a scamp to command my sympathy, to which he now wildly appeals."

"Bother! and how did that scoundrel get your card?"

"It is not a fac-simile of mine; he must have had it printed for himself, and he is now probably using the rest of the hundred in the United States."

"No, no, the money once obtained, he would keep no trace of the transaction."

"You are right; he has doubtless another alias before now."

"The affair has annoyed me; it is a new and unpleasant experience to be mixed up with such a man as Cheatham."

"I wish it were with me," sighed Vane.

"Come, dine with me, and to-morrow we will go north; let us both forget our troubles."

"Easier said than done, De Lancy; if mine were no worse than yours, I might; but I've tired my governor out, and he has stopped payment. I've wasted a fortnight of my leave, because I have not had the pluck to face him and tell him the truth about my liabilities."

"Well, suppose we ask him down, and set Rosie, that is my sister, to wheedle him; he wouldn't have a chance against her, I can tell you. You always were a favorite of mine in spite of your faults, for you are blessed with a heart, instead of that article which does duty for one in most men's breasts in these degenerate days."

Charles Vane extended his hand and grasped that of his friend:

"Major, you're a brick," he said with feeling. "I'll try to be a better fellow, if only to gain your good opinion."

* * * * * *

It was actually dark when Major de Lancy's dog-cart turned into the gateway of his pretty little place.

"They don't expect you, but they will be pleased to see you nevertheless," he said. "Stay, there is one of the gamekeepers; drive on, and I'll speak to him, and be after you in a minute," and the major jumped out.

Charles Vane alighted before the hall door, which almost immediately opened, and in another moment two soft arms were about his neck.

"You dear, dear old pet," cried a silvery voice, "I have been watching for you for an age; how late you are, and how glad I am to see you," and she not only gave him a hug, but a very decided kiss.

Then she recoiled a little.

"George, I never will forgive you!" she cried, "you have been cutting your moustache. It is not half the size it was, and it was such a beauty."

Major de Lancy was crossing the lawn, and his footsteps gave back no sound. He broke into a hearty laugh, and there was a suppressed chuckle from the direction of the horse's head, where stood the groom, hidden by the darkness.

"Don't alarm yourself, Rosie," said her brother, "I have not shortened a single hair."

For one moment the girl stood, as it were, spell-bound.

The next, she pushed Charles Vane aside with strange power for such soft arms.

"You wretch!" she cried aloud, and fled quickly through the lighted hall like a sky-rocket.

* * * * * *

Charles Vane was a long time making Rose forgive him for what was, after all, no fault of his; but he could not forget the touch of her ripe lips, nor the pressure of her rounded arms, and he was very patient and persistent with her.

He liked her all the better, perhaps, for her spirit and the annoyance she felt, and made up his mind to conquer the antagonism with which she met him after the *contretemps*.

When she did forgive him, she did it royally.

And Major de Lancy forgave him too when he confessed that beautiful Rose had consented to be his wife.

Sir Percy Vane, Charlie's father, was asked down, and there was no doubt about Rose's power to wheedle him. He was totally "mashed."

For her sake he paid off every penny of her fiance's debts, and, moreover, promised a liberal allowance to enable the young man to marry. "I don't express a wish, my dear," he said, before he took his leave, "that you will make my boy happy—you couldn't fail to do it—but I earnestly hope he will make you so. I am glad that when I pay the debt of nature, Charles will bring such a charming mistress to the dear old place."

"Major!" cried Charlie excitedly, "I'm deucedly obliged to that fellow for personating you. If he had not done so I should never have come down with you into Yorkshire, and I should never have met Rose."

FOOLISH IN AGE.—It is a remarkable thing that great genius often is combined with extreme folly. Queen Elizabeth, for instance, was at once the most cool-headed, man-like woman of her time, and also the most ridiculous coquette, who was open to any form of flattery, and at the age of sixty, when there was hardly anything real about her "charms," imagined that the whole world was in love with her divine beauty. So the Empress-Mother of China, who has for a long time managed the affairs of that country with remarkable skill and tact, has since her retirement from the Regency devoted herself to the invention of foolish games, and the performance of every stupid prank which enters her head. Her principal invention is a new game of hide-and-seek to which she is passionately devoted, and which is played in the dark without lights.

Another favorite amusement of hers is to make excursions on the great lake in the park at the dead of night, a whim which is likely to end some day in the upsetting of the Imperial boat and drowning of the eccentric and august lady.

Her boatmen live in mortal fear of this catastrophe, for their lives would certainly be forfeited to the vengeance of the Emperor.

A LITTLE MORE.

A little more
And all yon moonlight of the skies,
Like passing sparkle in black, sweet eyes
From out night's wistful sea will fade,
And they be deep and dark and sad.

A little more,
And some soft, tender hand
Will cull the last rose of her band,
To lay it lightly on beloved mound,
Or autumn scatter on the sleepy ground.

A little more,
And snows of age will fold
In white the cheeks' unbloeded mould,
And sorrow's footprints, scattered o'er
In graven lines, leave soft and pure.

A GIRL'S MISTAKE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BROKEN SUNSHINE,"

"THE THREE CURATES," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

"THERE will be no alternative," said her father with emphatic sternness.

There was no more to be said, and the Colonel left the room. She sat as one stunned. The young husband had no place in her thoughts, it was Geoffry, always Geoffry.

And then, if Allen did return, she would be compelled by law to live with him; and all her heart, all her love, gone out to another.

And yet she had loved Fitzclare. But it seemed so long ago. She took herself to task; she tried to recall Allen to her thoughts, but it was useless; for Geoffry Estcourt, with his mature manhood, his all-absorbing personality, filled every corner, every crevice of her heart. It was a very weariness of the flesh.

"My dear Carmen! You ought really to come and look at the Market Hall. The things they have to sell! I have ordered, nay, I may as well say, I have brought back some clotted cream. It is a speciality here, and it is so good with tarts."

"Is it?" said Carmen absently.

"Is it? Why, of course it is!" answered Cousin Adela with energy.

"Oh, Cousin Adela! I don't care about clotted cream or anything else. What does it matter what one eats or drinks? It is all wretched."

"It matters very considerably, and you would find it out if your meals did not arrive in due course. My dear Carmen, you have very nearly reached the age of twenty-one, and you have never had one ungratified wish; you have never known what so many, many of us have learned in the bitter school of experience—what it is to do without."

"Then I am learning it all at once. Alas! For I cannot have what I wish, nor ever again."

"Well, well," said Cousin Adela, shaking her head as she left the room, "I wish I could help you, my dear. All I can do is, to look after your comforts and those of your father, who, I am thankful to say, does appreciate them."

Honestly, Miss Adela Hewitt could not understand any one grieving or giving up entirely over a "love affair."

It is not an essential, not a necessary, but a luxury.

"Look at me, I have never had a love affair in my life. Am I unhappy? Certainly not. On the contrary, I really never was happier than I have been since we came to Plymouth; no worries, nice straightforward housekeeping, so different from those high and mighty tradespeople in Mayfair. Indeed I must say Carmen is ungrateful to Providence in not appreciating all the advantages of this place."

"Perhaps she does, in her way," answered Colonel Massingbird with a smile, to whom this argument had been addressed.

Certainly Miss Massingbird was supremely indifferent to the market and the menage.

So it was as well for the establishment generally that Cousin Adela was heart-whole.

Colonel Massingbird had been wounded to the quick by the unlooked-for mystery in his daughter's life, and blamed himself for it all.

For it was he, and he alone, who had given the Misses Bayley at the Havensmouth school strict injunctions to allow his cherished daughter as much liberty as possible.

And as his aunt, Lady Catherine Massingbird, a most thorough-going old mondaine, resided there continually (when she had no pressing London engagements), much of his daughter's time had been spent in her ladyship's company.

And Herbert Massingbird felt pained and grieved for his friend Geoffry Estcourt's suffering, for whom, alas! there seemed no consolation.

Sir Geoffry now was bitterly angered with Carmen, but who could say, in the years to come, if there had been no obstacle.

As it was, they could only wait upon events. The lawyers allowed no grass to grow under their feet. But as yet they had found no trace of poor lost Allen Fitzclare.

They were informed that from the address Carmen had furnished them he had long since departed. He had sold his share of the stock, and with his partner Walsh had gone up the country.

After that the clue was lost, and the weary months sped on.

It grieved Colonel Massingbird to see his daughter losing all her bright, beautiful youth, to see the soft brown eyes with their pathetic sadness.

She made no complaint, but bore her sorrow with a patient gentleness. She realised now she had done wrong, and must abide by the consequences.

The world supposed Miss Massingbird's health was very unsatisfactory; in fact that she would soon fade away like her dead Spanish mother.

"Poor thing! It was sad."

And then they dismissed her from their thoughts, and other beauties reigned in her stead.

The world soon forgets, and vanity of vanities reigns supreme.

But it worried her father. At last, one day he said suddenly, "Carmen, what say you to a trip to Spain, your mother's birthplace?"

"Oh, papa, that would be delightful! But not to the fashionable places. Let us go somewhere out of the track of the ordinary tourist."

"I do not think, my dear, Spain is a favorite place to the ordinary tourist. But it is very convenient for those who have made mistakes, slight or otherwise, with other people's money."

"We do not wish to meet them, I am sure, papa."

"Certainly not," replied her father with a smile. "But the country is large enough for all of us, to say nothing of Algeria, which is full of interest, if you care for it."

In due course they set off, leaving Cousin Adela, to her great thankfulness, at The Myrtles (the Mayfair house had been let to a wealthy stockbroker); for she felt convinced, had she accompanied them to an unknown country, she would have been compelled to live on garlic, oil and other abominations, her life a misery betwixt robbers and mules.

And to speak honestly, Cousin Adela had reached that age when traveling is not even a triste plaisir, but a very weariness of the flesh.

And it was not without misgivings that she saw her relatives set out, for she was greatly attached to them. However, her faith in her soldier cousin was entirely unbounded.

CHAPTER VII.

TIME sped on. Winter was replaced by spring. The soft Devonian hills and dales were clothed in their freshest emerald tints.

The sea was tossing gaily, as if it too rejoiced in this universal rejuvenescence. The garden at The Myrtles was beautiful with the gracious scent-laden flowers of spring.

Cousin Adela, accompanied by old Don, the Colonel's retriever, was busily engaged in superintending the finishing touches of the gardener, and then both pronounced it perfect.

The dark background of myrtles, the hyacinths that perfumed the air, the vivid tulips, the periwinkles, the pale tender primrose still lingering, and beyond all this the glorious sea full of ambient light.

"I think this is a very happy place, Peach," observed Miss Hewitt; "so bright and cheerful."

"It is, mum," replied Peach succinctly. "And these gardens do repay the labor. The Colonel and miss will be real glad to see 'em again, I'll be bound. Why, mum, there they be!" as the Colonel and his daughter drove slowly up to the garden gate.

When they saw the kind beaming face and homely form of Cousin Adela, with honest old Peach, and Don's overpowering delight, they both exclaimed, "How delightful to be at home once more!"

"Welcome home, dear Herbert, and you too, dear child. Peach and I were only just saying that the spring flowers were at their best to welcome you."

"And how lovely they are; we have seen nothing to equal them abroad, have we, dad?" exclaimed Carmen.

Cousin Adela noticed a great improvement in her young relative, a gentle cheerfulness, a gracious womanliness, as though she had passed through the fire that purifies and refines.

"Some letters have arrived for you to-day, Herbert. They are in your study."

"Thanks, Adela; I will see to them at once."

And he entered the house for that purpose.

"How glad I am to be home again, and to see your dear old face!" said Carmen, as she kissed affectionately the good motherly cheek. "How cleverly Peach has clipped my 'bower of myrtles;' it looks so soft and Ah, Cousin Adela, I see you have had the little iron table and chairs repainted. And what a lovely, dainty color! Opal, is it not, or pale green?"

"My dear, Peach must take that credit to himself. He said, 'Mum, Miss Carmen is always a-gazing at the sea. Depend upon it, she likes the color of it.'"

"And what did you say then, Cousin Adela?"

"I just told him to paint it, my dear, and this is the result."

"He is evidently an artist," said Carmen.

"No, my dear. A nice neat, respectable gardener. But come in now; there is the luncheon bell."

Instead of which Carmen ran after old Peach, who was putting up his tools with careful deliberation.

"Peach! the paint is a lovely color. It is just as the sea looks on a still, soft evening."

"Aye, miss, it be. I've watched that ere sea, man and boy, for sixty years, and it's that changeable; but there is times when it looks like mother o' pearl, pink and green, shot-like. 'Maybe that's what Miss Carmen likes,' says I."

"Thank you so much, Peach. It is just what I do like. I have brought you such a smart scarf from Spain."

"Have you now, miss. While I was a-thinking of you, you was a-thinking of me!"

"Yes, Peach, I often thought of absent friends."

"Ay, miss. That's right! Friends is friends, wherever you may be."

Then Carmen having rejoiced the heart of the old factotum, entered the house—"I am longing for my luncheon, Cousin Adela."

"Ah, that's right!" said the elder lady brightening, for she greatly liked her little efforts to be appreciated.

Colonel Massingbird had retired to read his letters; the perusal of them conveyed contrary impressions, relief, regret.

There was an enclosure for his daughter in a strange handwriting, and it was addressed to Mrs. Fitzclare. His own letter was from his lawyer. It ran as follows:

"At last we have heard from our agent in Australia. It would seem from his letter that Mr. Fitzclare has been dead for at least two years. But you will learn from Mr. Frisby's letter (inclosed) the exact state of the case."

[Inclosure.]

"According to your instructions I have followed up the clue you sent me, and it would appear that after Mr. Fitzclare left the Transeang Station he went up the country with a man named Walsh. From what I can learn they went snipe shooting, and Mr. Fitzclare was bitten by a poisonous snake, and although with great presence of mind, he cut out the injured part with his penknife (unfortunately they had no flask with them) and in spite of the strenuous endeavors of his friend to arouse him, a deathly collapse overcame Mr. Fitzclare, during which he succumbed. He was buried at Paddington, near Sidney. Inclosed are certificates and other papers, relating to this matter; also a letter addressed, presumably, to his wife. It was owing to the advertisements in the various newspapers that these discoveries have now been brought to light as the man Walsh has only just returned from California. I am, etc., etc."

"Then she absolutely was a widow when Geoffry asked her to marry him!"

And yet Colonel Massingbird felt regret for the poor young husband, who died so sad a death, away from home and country, only tended by the rude kindness of a bushman.

After reading these papers carefully through, he thought it better to postpone the interview with his daughter till later in the day.

He brought the letters and papers to Carmen's sitting-room, saying, "These have been forwarded from Australia, my dear."

Every trace of color fled from her sweet face.

"Oh, papa, what is it? What do they say?"

"You had better read your letters," said he, preparing to leave her.

"Stay, papa. Do please tell me the particulars."

"Your husband is dead, and has been, these two years."

"Poor Allen."

Colonel Massingbird then read the letters from the lawyers and their agent. As he read on, her face became sad and remorseful; sorrow filled her heart as she thought of the lover of her youth, in all his beautiful manhood.

Oh, what bitter repentance was gnawing at her heart at the recollection of the cruel letters she had written him two years ago.

She would have given much, if it could only be blotted out of the Book of Life, for him to have died with that bitter pain at his heart.

Her unfaithfulness to his trust, "Be true to me, Carmen."

She fancied even now she could hear the pathetic refrain, and it reproached her.

"I will leave you to read your letter," said her father, as he kissed her very tenderly.

"Ah, papa! My deceit is coming home to me now."

"I wish I could bear your trouble for you, child."

"No, dear," she answered with more energy; "it is time I learned to bear some of life's troubles for myself. I have been so guarded and cherished that I have become wicked and heartless in my selfishness."

"Nay, nay, love! You judge yourself too severely."

When she was alone with trembling hand she broke open her husband's letter. It seemed like a message from the dead. It was dated July 20th, 18—:

"My own dear Carmen,—"I am longing for your next dear letter. The mail is due in about a week; though I know I must not expect to hear quite so frequently now that you have left school. How beautiful your new home must be! I can see your dear little boudoir, your flowers in the balcony, even the canary, Dick. You are just fitted for such surroundings, and it makes me all the more eager to strain every nerve to make our fortune. But do not, I beseech you, forget me in your gay, bright life.

"The risk is very terrible. But oh! when I succeed, how great the reward!

"I have made arrangements for selling my share of the Station at a good profit and pushing up country. I really am waiting (with what patience I can command) for your letter. I feel sure there is one for me.

"Tell me everything, sweet wife. You can hardly understand what your letters are to me out here, drops of precious water in the desert, the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. I long with a hungry longing to see you, to touch you.

"Lately I have been reproaching myself sternly for something in connection with our marriage, which I thought little enough of at the time. You are perfectly blameless, my darling, always remember that. I persuaded you. If I can excuse myself at all, my great love for you must plead for me. And this love is my hope, my life; it is indeed

> 'True love, the gift which God has given
> To man alone beneath the Heaven:
> It is the secret sympathy,
> The silver link, the silver tie,
> Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
> In body and in soul can bind.'

I know, dear, you do not care for poetry; forgive my quotation. My heart is so full of you that out of that fulness the mouth speaketh; or perhaps, I should say, my pen for me.

"But I believe I am gloomy, out of sorts. I am going on a short shooting expedition, with a rough, but kind, honest friend of mine, yclept Bill Walsh; but I shall return in time for my precious letter. God have you in His keeping.

"Most dearly loved Carmen,
"Your loving husband,
"ALLEN FITZCLARE."

The tears streamed down her face unheeded, as she read through this letter, so touching in its pathetic love. Then her thoughts went back to their last meeting in the old pinewood.

She felt his tender clasp, his kisses on her face, and sad in memory, the brilliant sunset that illuminated his beautiful face, like an inspiration. And now—he was dead, past all reparation.

"Oh, Allen, my poor boy! With your pure, white soul, if you can hear me from your home above, forgive me! forgive me!"

Then sadly her eyes fell on a parcel of letters. She turned them over. An exclamation of great thankfulness escaped from her lips.

"Thank God! No, he never received my cruel letter."

It was unopened, just as she had sent it, the date outside, the name of the steamer. It was the letter he had been longing for.

It was indeed a balm to her crushed spirit to think that her husband in all his ardent manhood should have been spared this crushing blow of her indifference. The letter had been re-addressed by the clumsy though kindly hand of Allen's friend.

When her father, an hour later, knocked at her door, he found her suffering, yes, but chastened and peaceful.

"Papa, I should like you to read my poor Allen's letter. And I wish what money there is in the Australian Bank to be given to the man Walsh, and I shall have a marble cross erected over poor Allen Fitzclare's grave," said Carmen with tears in her voice.

"I will see to it all, dear."

Her father then read the letter.

"Poor, poor fellow. Ah, Carmen! he loved you, there can be no doubt of that."

"Indeed he did, but I was not worthy of it."

"And now, my daughter, we know the worst. The dreadful uncertainty is over. Let us try to banish this unhappy past. You sinned in childish ignorance, and the poor lad who is dead was not blameless; indeed he admits it. You both rushed into a dilemma more than serious, and it has brought the reverse of happiness. Now, dear, begin over again. Try and be happy for my sake."

"Ah, dad, dear, where shall I find another so good or so patient as you?"

"Does not Shakspeare say, 'Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares.' Now, dear, to dinner. We will not keep kind Cousin Adela's good fare waiting."

That night, before Colonel Massingbird retired to rest, he wrote a long, exhaustive letter to his kind friend, Marcia Estcourt.

He told her everything to the sufferings of his daughter, her repentance, their wanderings in Spain, the sad episode in Australia, and all the details.

Sir Geoffry, he knew, was absent from Estcourt, but Colonel Massingbird craftily left the affair in Marcia's hands. He knew Geoffry would either hear of the letter or see it.

And the father's thoughts was, could he but restore the bloom to his daughter's cheek and the light to her eye, he would not be too particular as to ways and means of accomplishment.

CHAPTER VIII.

GOODWOOD was over, and with it the London season. It had passed unnoticed, uncared for even by the inmates of The Myrtles.

Colonel Massingbird had long since ceased to represent the loyal city of Brackenhurst in Parliament. The care and happiness of his daughter was the one object in life now.

There is a strange, peaceful quiet that comes to us when we once realize we are living outside, instead of inside the busy world.

We seem so far off the turmoil and the excitement; little details of daily life, trivial at other times, now become interesting.

Our favorite author, the music we love, the friendliness of the few chosen ones make up the sum of a tranquil happiness. And Carmen was feeling this.

Her fierce, wild love for Geoffry Estcourt had left her, but in its stead was a tender, cherished memory that would never die. She devoted much of her time to her father, and gladdened Cousin Adela's heart by the interest she displayed in the garden, and the little conservatory was her especial care.

Again it was sunny August, and Carmen, seated in her chaise longue within her myrtle bower, where the tea roses mingled in delicious profusion with the dark shiny leaves of the shrub, and many little details of feminine occupation showed that she spent much of her time there.

Dick the canary from a tiny table which just held his cage was piping forth lustily; old Don lay stretched across the threshold.

A delightful sea breeze came in and coquetted with her hair, the scene beyond charming and refreshing to the senses, by reason of the living, sparkling sea.

And Carmen now thoroughly appreciated it all, though she was quite unconscious of the sweet centre she herself made in her soft white gown.

And if her dark eyes sometimes wore a look as if they had missed something in life, they always had a ray of sunshine for the beloved father, and a warm caress for Cousin Adela.

It was four o'clock, just a little too early for afternoon tea, and it was warm, in spite of the sea breeze.

Carmen gave herself over to the delicious idleness of the hour; with one round arm under her brown head, and gently rocking herself to and fro, softly, dreamily, closed her eyes, and then everything was still; even Dick followed his mistress's example.

* * * * * *

Footsteps came softly up the gravel pathway. Don slowly shook himself, and went out to reconnoitre; apparently he was satisfied.

Very gently a shadow fell across the entrance, and then it took shape, and looked with hungry, eager eyes, and took in the whole scene.

It was a perfect picture—the graceful sleeping form, the climbing, sweet-scented roses, the dainty needlework, the half-finished sketch of the view beyond, the silent canary, the intense repose impressed the look-on.

At last, some electric sympathy must have passed from the intruder to the sleeper, for gradually the dark eyelashes unclosed, and the eyes shone out clear and starry.

"Sir Geoffry! Or am I still dreaming?"

"It is I, Carmen, humbly beseeching your forgiveness."

"Nay, not my forgiveness."

"Yes, your forgiveness, for my brutal behavior on that terrible day, more than two years ago. But if you only knew what I have suffered, you would at least pity me."

Then she stood up and confronted him with her sweet gentle face.

"I was greatly to blame, so wicked; I have realized since, but I sinned in ignorance.

"Carmen! Have you no word for me? Are these two years of misery to count for nothing?"

But she answered him not, and her eyes were cast down.

"Carmen, you did love me once?" he asked with passionate anxiety, as he gazed at the lovely face.

"Yes, I did love you once."

"Carmen, Carmen, is that all that you can say?" and he seized her hands and made her look up, and in the limpid depths of those brown eyes he saw that he was still loved.

In a moment his arms clasped her, and there was no more fear, no more estrangement; tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner!

The band of the—th struck up an old English air, "Haste to the wedding."

The breeze brought it to the myrtle bower with great distinctness.

"Love, do you hear those strains?"

"The band, you mean? Yes."

"They are playing 'Haste to the wedding.' They have done it on purpose, and what day honors to be?"

"Oh, Geoffry, time enough for that by-and-by."

"Pardon me, my liege lady; I wish to be back at Estcourt Place for the shooting; your father is coming, and Lady Estcourt must be there to receive her guest in person."

"This is August now," said Carmen with a very rosy flush on her face.

"Exactly!"

"But I have nothing to be married in, no trousseau, or anything."

"Be married in the gown you have on. Can anything look more pure or sweet? Do, dear! We can supplement everything in Paris or London; only let us be married, that is the main thing."

"But dear old dad. What will he say?"

"He said, 'Go in and win, Geoff.'"

However, we must conclude he got his own way, for a society paper stated that "a marriage had been solemnized between Sir Geoffry Estcourt, and the only daughter and heiress of Colonel Massingbird, C.B., late M.P. &c." (within the specified month of August).

Again September has come round, so fresh and fragrant that it brings a delicate tinge of color to Miss Estcourt's face as she stands on the threshold of the hall door, looking down the shady avenue of stately lime trees.

"Herbert!"

"Here, Marcia!"

"There is the train, it is five miles off, it is just entering Thurston tunnel, now it has disappeared. It is time for you to start. The carriage has already gone."

"Then I will go at once."

And as he spoke his horse was brought round. Waving his hat gaily to Marcia he disappeared down the avenue. She watched him with gentle eyes, and then turned to see that every detail was perfect for her brother and his bride's home coming.

She was very satisfied, for Geoffry was at last — after long probation — completely happy. The shadow uplifted, the wanderings over, he had reached the haven where he would be.

The Dower House had been made completely comfortable; it had been prettily re-furnished under Marcia's own superintendence.

It was such a little way, too, from the Dene, through the Estcourt grounds. Was there not a little pathway that brought one straight into the Dene garden, shady, mossy, a lovers' walk? And no doubt it had been used for that purpose, many a time and oft.

"Come down to the Lady's Glen, Carmen, that I may realize my happiness, and feel how much I owe to your forgiveness."

"Hardly required, Geoffry, since all my happiness is centred in you, and indeed

> 'Love is, or ought to be, our greatest bliss,
> Since every other joy how dear soever,
> Gives way to that.'"

"Well, dear, give way as much as you like, as far as I am concerned. I put no limit to it."

"Geoffry, darling, can you believe it is two years since you and met, met here—and——"

"And had our misunderstanding? Yes," said he comfortably seating himself on the lovers' seat, and drawing his wife beside him.

"Ah, Geoffry, how well I remember this glen! Just such weather, the brook tumbling and tossing, the trees whispering, the birds flitting in and out. Then, then I was heart-broken. Now, I am so happy, I hardly know how to bear it."

And her eyes had a limpid look as she turned them on her husband.

"Do you remember what the Prince and Elsie say when they stand on the terrace, after their marriage?

> 'In life's delight, in death's dismay,
> In storm and sunshine, night and day,
> In health and sickness, in decay,
> Here and hereafter, I am thine.'"

Sir Geoffry took his wife's hand in his own and tenderly kissed it. And slowly, with their great happiness, they returned to the house.

Miss Estcourt is very happy at the Dene. Time goes on; a little babe is carried from the Place to the Dene.

The Colonel and Marcia make an immense fuss over the young heir; and as much time as Colonel Massingbird can spare from his parliamentary life at St. Stephen's (for he is again representing his county) is devoted to Sir Geoffry and Lady Estcourt.

Cousin Adela has a comfortable little cottage near Plymouth, an income large enough for her modest requirements, Dick the canary and a beautiful, sleek, well-fed cat.

She asks for nothing better in life. She is one of those rare specimens—a contented woman. But then she has never been in love, and never been in debt.

[THE END.]

ODDITIES IN ITALY.

IN Italy, every one who is too lazy to work for a living begs for one. The young and the old, the cripple and the strong, the ragged and the well-dressed, all are at it from morning till night.

In the streets, your path is blocked by mendicants; in the shops, your sleeve is plucked by them; in church, they kneel beside you.

If your carriage stops a moment, a score of dirty hands appear before the windows. The nuisance is everlasting and indescribable.

The blessings which an Italian beggar showers upon his benefactors are only equalled by the curses he heaps upon the stony-hearted who refuse him aid. At every corner, in every town, a begger can be found at every hour of the day.

The really cripple are drawn to their places in handcarts in the morning, and called for and taken away by their friends at dark.

If time hangs heavy on their hands, they smoke their cigars in luxury, literally sitting still, while wealth rains into their laps. For persistent attack, unblushing effrontery and resolute mien, the book-agent fades into insignificance beside the humblest of Italian beggars.

The Italian is either very musical or very discordant. The real musicians delight in wandering about the streets under the starlit sky thrumming guitars or mandolins and making night musical; but the discordant ones pass your windows yelling their songs with such utter disregard to time and tune as to be perfectly sickening.

The police take no notice of these midnight disturbances, which would certainly not be tolerated in any other civilized land.

In the shops, fixed prices are unheard of. The Italian shopkeeper stars in to make as much as possible out of his customer, and invariably demands for the article he is selling three or four times its value and what he expects to receive.

The customer, on the other hand, listens to the price asked, and offers just one-fourth of it.

Then comes a gradual meeting half-way, attended with piteous cries on the part of the seller, countless gesticulations, and assurances that he is being robbed, but is compelled to sell owing to the dulness of trade.

The workman in Italy performs his tasks at the same rate at which the average cabman drives when engaged by the hour. Everything he does is done slowly and lazily, with frequent pauses for rest, and numerous intervals for smoking and gossip.

In the public offices, one meets with vexatious delays, and absurdly little red-tape rules that are in the highest degree exasperating.

It will hardly be credited that the delivery of letters to the householder is left entirely to the discretion of the letter-carriers. If the weather is fine and the postman has no more pressing engagement, the mail has a fair chance of being promptly delivered; but a shower of rain or an unusually good opera shuts off the chance completely.

In the telegraph offices the same delays exist; and it is only necessary to mention concerning them, that the scoring out of a word, the addition of a sentence, or the alteration of a single letter, necessitates the rewriting of the entire message.

In Italy the churches are always open; prayers are for ever being chanted, and the incense-swingers never pause in their labors.

All seats are free, and lord and beggar worship side by side. The weary tramp, the busy housewife, the successful merchant, all drop in to rest a while and to set apart a moment from the cares and duties of the day.

The baptisteries adjoin the churches, and, like them, are always open. A priest, also, is always in readiness to perform the rite if desired.

The Italian police are divided into so many different bodies and attired in so many different uniforms as to bewilder the average tourist.

They are armed with swords instead of batons; but in spite of their clanking sabres, magnificent cocked hats, and nodding plumes, they are on the whole an inferior lot of men.

Judging from the rate of pay they receive, this is not to be wondered at, the marvel being that recruits for such a poorly remunerated service are ever found at all.

The trains in Italy are started by the sound of trumpet instead of by whistle, and the switch and flag men are—to use a "bull"—generally women.

In Italy, the men seldom or never shave themselves, and as a consequence barbers' shops abound. But one misses the luxurious ease of the transatlantic barbers' chairs, and groans escape involuntarily from the victim who finds himself wedged in the narrowest of seats, whilst a chattering apprentice experiments upon his chin.

There is no fixed price for haircutting or shaving, the amount to be paid being left to the discretion of the customer.

Italy is the land of high taxation; everything is taxed, and the country is groaning under the awful load. Custom-house officers swarm in myriads over the land, and are so closely stationed to one another that it is a common thing for a traveler to have his luggage opened and searched half-a-dozen times in the course of a hundred yards. It will hardly be credited that a pound of cake, an egg, or a fowl bought in Pisa will be seized and confiscated at the Leghorn gates, only fifteen miles away, unless duty is paid on it.

The opera in Italy is of course a national institution. The theatres are very large, the seats wide and roomy, and the ventilation almost perfect.

Smoking is allowed in all parts of the house, and the rule is freely taken advantage of. The musical taste of the audience is evinced by the soft humming and beating of time which one sees and hears on all sides. The chorus of a popular song is not unfrequently joined in by the spectators; and a singer ending an air, or taking an unusually high note, is never allowed to finish it, for fear of failure, the effort being invariably drowned in vociferous applause.

The Italian boatman stands with his back towards you, and rows in this position by pushing the oars forward instead of pulling them backwards.

The boats, even when built for pleasure, are heavy and unwieldly things, and the oars so thick and stiff as to be well-nigh unmanageable.

Italian sweethearts are at marriage tied in a double knot, for, not content with the church ceremony performed by the priest, the law compels them to be also married by the mayor at the council chamber. Instead of wedding-cake, sweetmeats are provided, and distributed with lavish hands.

Scientific and Useful.

CORNS.—Moisten a sponge in a weak solution of pariash and bind on a corn before going to bed. It is said the skin may be brushed off in the morning, having been dissolved by the pearlash.

COUGHING AND SNEEZING.—Coughing and sneezing can be stopped by pressing on the nerves of the lips in the neighborhood of the nose. Pressing in the neighborhood of the ear, or pressing very hard on the top of the mouth inside, is also a means of stopping coughing. The will has immense power also.

TO CLEAN FLINT-GLASS BOTTLES.—Roll up, in small pieces, some whitey-brown or blotting-paper; then wet and soap the same; put them into the vessel with a little luke-warm water; shake them well for a few minutes; then rinse the glass with clean water, and it will be as bright and clear as when new from the shops.

A DOLL THAT CAN TALK.—Edison has, it is stated, devised a doll with a small phonograph inside, which talks when the handle is turned. The phonograph is placed in a receptacle within the chest of the doll, and the handle protrudes. When it is turned the words appear to issue from the doll's mouth. He has also devised a clock which announces the time by speaking; the talking apparatus being, of course, a phonograph.

A NATURAL COMPASS.—We all know how easy it is to lose one's way in a dense fog or a blinding snowstorm. And yet, during the daytime, the right direction may readily be ascertained by a very simple means of finding the position of the sun. All that is required is to place the point of a knife blade, or of a sharp lead pencil, on the thumb-nail, when a shadow will be cast directly from the sun, however dense may be the fog or snow.

NEW STEAMBOATS.—Steamboat men say that the sidewheel ferryboat will soon be a thing of the past, and boats with propellers at each end will supersede them. The new idea is indorsed by many shipbuilders, practical architects and marine engineers. The important advantage of the propeller are that it takes less room on the boat, gives greater speed on less consumption of fuel, and can be easier handled besides costing less. The shaft will run through the boat from end to end, with an average-size propeller at bow and stern.

TO EFFACE TATTOO MARKS.—A Paris doctor is reported to have discovered a method by which to remove tattoo marks from the human skin. It has been extensively tested and with most encouraging results. His *modus operandi* is to prick the marks or spots with needles until the blood flows and then to inject tannin, and finally to cauterize with nitrate of silver. The wounds caused by the pricking and cauterization become black for a time, then turn red, and after a month or so the parts which have been treated are almost indistinguishable from the adjoining flesh.

Farm and Garden.

POTATOES.—Assort your potatoes so as to have each lot or bin of uniform size, and they will present a more uniform and attractive appearance as well as bring a higher price in market.

KEROSENE.—An application of kerosene oil will materially prevent rust on the iron-work of implements. Implements should be put away in a dry place, where dampness cannot reach them.

NEEDS TO KNOW.—Every farmer need not be an analytic chemist, but every farmer should be able to classify any particular soil which may be brought under his notice, and be able to detect its chief components, and hence decide what crop or crops it will produce to the best advantage.

BUTTER.—Often dairymen are puzzled to know why their butter has a bad flavor when they have been careful to keep it from anything that would taint it. The trouble is with the salt. While the butter was carefully guarded the salt was not, and it absorbed odor which spoiled the butter.

SHEEP.—The sheep improves the soil, as is well understood, and it, in addition to that, we have a greater profit than we have from the cow, we can begin to realize that there is a great deal in the old Spanish adage that "the sheep's foot is golden," though that originally applied to the improvement of the soil.

INSECT-KILLERS.—Insecticides have been given careful trials on experiment farms and by fruit-growers the past season. One farmer reports that on making an experimental application of paris green to one side of an apple tree, the half to which he applied the solution was completely cleared of worms, leaving the other half attacked.

THE CELLAR.—Avoid "musty smells in the cellar" by keeping everything in hanging boxes or shelves, wire support, made in adjustable parts, so they can be taken out, cleaned, aired and carbolic acid whitewashed. Sprinkle the floor freely with air-slaked lime, sweep up once a month and renew. Good-bye epidemics.

HOGS.—Hogs are expensive unless well bred. The best breeds of hogs are quiet, seldom restless, and sleep a great portion of their time. The quiet hog is the one that converts the food into fat. The more active the hog the greater the cost. Dry quarters, with close shelter from the winds and a soft bed of straw, will pay nearly as well as the preparation of the food.

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A Forgotten Pride.

In nothing do we find the effect of our modern hurry and the frantic pace at which we live than in the intrinsic value of our literary and artistic work.

All kinds of work indeed suffer from the scamping which is inseparable from haste. From army contracts to machine made engravings—from the plumber's pipes and the bricklayer's walls to the stockings that won't wash thrust into the shoes that won't wear—from the wool that is half cotton and the cotton that is half dressing to the china that is imperfectly fired and the steel that is badly tempered—nothing is now as solidly wrought or as conscientiously done as in the days that are past.

Haste and hurry mark the steps in our life's way, and spoil what they touch.

When we have no leisure to think, to reflect, to study even the foundations of our craft, how shall we find time for accidental improvements?

Our work, whatever it may be, must be turned out with speed; and we make but small account of intrinsic excellence, so long as we have a showy outside and a taking subject.

Of those laborious days and nights to which our slower-going forefathers were given—of that burning of the midnight oil which was so often in excess—we have little or no trace.

The workman cares nothing for the superiority of his work, and the old pride is forgotten. He is no longer a craftsman zealous for his honor as well as for the beauty, the finish, the perfection of the thing he does.

He is only a salesman, anxious to hit the taste of the public, no matter how debased that taste may be; and the amount to be got by his wares is the main object of his thought.

The worth of these wares is altogether a secondary consideration. If they sell, they are all right; if they do not, their intrinsic quality is so much impediments—like gold in the hold of a waterlogged ship.

That intrinsic quality represents just so much time and strength wasted—dispersed into space like the radiant energy of the sun, and giving back no profit to the artificer.

Besides this, no one cares for a man's mastery of material—for his solidity of learning—his knowledge of his special subject and a dozen others as well.

What the public wants is to be amused, if the thing done is a work of art or a book.

They like to read as they run—running fast and not stopping for niceties needing careful observation. If you give delicate work and careful handling, you give caviare to the multitude, and you are wrecked on two rocks at once.

The pride that comes from good work, irrespective of gain or even of fame, is for the most part to be found only with scientists—the men who labor to complete one small and apparently insignificant little brick—only one—in the great temple of knowledge at which so many faithful souls are working.

The life history of a microscopic monad does not seem to be of quite so much importance as the fate of a battle or even the prolongation of one certain life. It is of infinitely more; and the after results are in comparison as space is to longitude and latitude and eternity to time.

A scientist is nothing if not thorough. Hasty generalizations, showy results founded on insecure methods, scamped experiments—all the regrettable results of haste and hurry and working for the immediate dollar, not for the solid gain of a grand achievement—all these flaws and fractures are necessarily absent from the laboratory, the dissecting room, the assaying-room, the observatory.

Here a man must take pride in the thoroughness of his work, rather than in the public results of fame or money, else is he but an alien marching under the sacred flag whose motto he derides and whose colors he regards not.

Like the serpent which holds its tail in its mouth, let us go back to our beginning, and dwell afresh on the forgotten pride of the worker—careful only to perfect his production for its own sake, and not looking to the meed of gold or praise for his reward.

Those who work for things and not for persons—for the work's sake and not for what it brings—who rejoice in their achievement and know that it is good, for all that the hurrying world goes by at a gallop, and does not do more than cast a cursory glance giving a superficial appraisement—those have one of the joys which none can take away.

Their pride is in their power of perfecting; and in their zeal to perfect is their practical religion. They study the great masters of their craft, whatever that craft may be, and they see no scamping there.

After all and through all we may be sure of this one old truth—whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well.

With all our heart and all our strength ought we to work at our trade, whatever it may be.

Bestow thy youth so that thou mayst have comfort to remember it when it has forsaken thee, and not sigh and grieve at the account thereof. Whilst thou art young thou wilt think it will never have an end; but behold the longest day has its evening; and that thou shalt enjoy it but once—that it never turns again; use it, therefore, as the spring-time which soon departeth, and wherein thou oughtest to plant and sow all provisions for a long and happy life.

Gratitude is always a virtue, and it is a virtue which ennobles both the object and the subject. The object by the acknowledgement of his benevolence, and the subject by manifesting that amiableness of a grateful heart through the medium of its self abasement. It is a token of humility, highly honorable to the recipient of a benefit, and a delicate act of justice highly honorable to the benefactor.

When a man's desires are boundless, his labor is endless, they will set him a task he can never go through, and cut him out work he can never finish. The satisfaction which he seeks is always absent, and the happiness he aims at ever at a distance. He has perpetually many things to do, and many things to provide, and that which is wanting never can be numbered.

Never let us wonder at anything we are born to, for no man has reason to complain where we are all in the same condition. He that escapes might have suffered, and it is but equal to submit to the laws of mortality. We must undergo the colds of winter, the heats of summer, the distempers of the air, and the diseases of the body.

In all thy desires let reason go before thee, and fix not thy hopes beyond the boundaries of probability, so shall success attend thy undertakings, and thy heart shall not be vexed with disappointments.

Goodness does not more certainly make men happy than happiness makes them good. We must distinguish between felicity and prosperity, for prosperity leads often to ambition, and ambition to disappointment; the course is then over—the wheel turns round but once; while the reaction of goodness and happiness is general.

All controversies that can never end had better, perhaps, never begin. The best is to take words as they are most commonly spoken and meant—like coin as it most currently passes—without raising scruples upon the weight of the alloy, unless the cheat of the defect be gross and evident.

He only is worthy of esteem that knows what is just and proper, and dares to do it—that is, master of his own passions and scorns to be a slave to another's. Such a one, in the lowest poverty, is a far better man, and inherits more respect, than those gay things who owe all their greatness and reputation to their rentals and revenues.

Truth will ever be unpalatable to those who are determined not to relinquish error, but can never give offence to the honest and well-meaning; for the plain-dealing remonstrances of a friend differ as widely from the rancor of an enemy, as the friendly probe of a physician from the dagger of an assassin.

The way to alter belief is not to address motives to the will, but arguments to the intellect. To do otherwise, to apply rewards and punishments to opinions, is as absurd as to raise men to prominence for their ruddy complexions, to whip them for the gout, and hang them for the scrofula.

Servility and civility are as opposite as the poles. One is despicable, while the other is in the highest degree desirable. That style of manners which combines self respect with respect for the rights and feelings of others is a quality to be cultivated with extreme diligence.

To say more of a man than one thinks, with a prospect of interest, is dishonest, and without it, foolish; and whoever has had success in such an undertaking must, of necessity, at once think himself, in his heart, a knave for having done it, and his patron a fool for having believed it.

To be angry about trifles is mean and childish, to rage and be furious is brutish, and to maintain perpetual wrath is akin to the practice and temper of devils; but to prevent or suppress rising resentment is wise and good, is manly and divine.

What a waste of time it is for one man to spend half a life in imitating others, when, by following out his own tastes and dispositions, he would with less trouble acquire respect for his sincerity and independence.

No knowledge which terminates in curiosity and speculation is comparable to that which is of use; and of all useful knowledge, that is most so which consists in a due care and just notion of ourselves.

Because you find a thing very difficult, do not presently conclude that no man can master it; but whatever you observe proper, and practicable by another, believe likewise within your own power.

The chief source of human discontent is to be looked for, not in real, but in our fictitious wants; not in the demand of nature, but in the artificial cravings of desire.

It would be more obliging to say plainly we cannot do what is desired, than to amuse people with false words, which often put them upon false measures.

There is no occasion to trample upon the meanest reptile, nor to sneak to the greatest prince. Insolence and baseness are equally unmanly.

A firm faith is the best divinity; a good life is the best philosophy; a clear conscience the best law; honesty is the best policy, and temperance the best physic.

The World's Happenings.

Steel fishing rods that telescope together are a novelty.

"Hare and hounds" has been revived at Yale and Princeton.

The Seminole Indians in Florida are increasing in number.

A New York jeweler sells watch movements as low as 25 cents.

Four thousand beggars have been arrested in Paris in the last 9 months.

A man in Newark, N. J., is playing a game of chess with his cousin in Australia by mail.

Mrs. De Groot, of Millbury, Mass., recently gave birth to four girls. Their total weight was 13 pounds. All lived.

A dental school for negroes has been established at Nashville, Tenn., with a prospect of plenty of work for its graduates.

The Arkansas Legislature has declared the proper pronunciation of the name of the State to be Arkan-saw; accent on the first syllable.

A young woman at Kansas City has obtained $7,000 damages from her former employer, a dry goods dealer, who broke her arm while ejecting her from his store.

A Fergus Falls, Minn., man committed suicide recently by placing one end of a loaded gun in a fire and holding the other against his head. He was killed instantly.

A sign in a Park at Ventnor, Isle of Man, reads: "The public are cautioned against letting their dogs roam over these grounds as they may thereby get destroyed."

A man who was severely injured in a row in New York the other day had his wounds photographed, so that their extent could be shown in court after they had healed.

The employes of the Providence Bleaching and Calendering Company are called to work by a bell which was taken from a convent in Spain, and was cast in 1815 in honor of Ferdinand VII.

Two Tennessee men went out to fight a duel, one having an ax and the other a scythe, but a stranger came along and suggested a game of poker, and all shook hands and became good friends.

A New Haven lad broke his leg, and a cousin, who was sent to notify the boy's father, met with the same accident. The father was engaged in the erection of a building, and the second unfortunate fell between the beams into the cellar.

That must be a very old rose bush which is growing against a church wall in Heidersheim, Germany, if tradition does not exaggerate its antiquity. Eight hundred years ago, it is related, Bishop Hezilo caused a trellis to be erected to support it.

While a circus train was standing on the track at Chestertown, Md., recently, a locomotive hauled opposite the car on which the elephants were confined. Six of the elephants thrust their trunks into the water tank on the locomotive's tender, and, in a few minutes, had drained it dry.

Mrs. James McAuliff, of Walla Walla, Wash. T., discovered a man hastily leaving her front door with two cloaks which he had stolen from the hall rack. Seizing a pistol, she took aim and advised him to return the articles to the rack. The thief obeyed without a word, and then quietly listened to a lecture.

A Manistee, Mich., baby which ate an eight-grain dose of morphine was given several antidotes, but it became unconscious and was given up for dead. About 16 hours later, however, while the friends stood around and silently admired the beauty of the corpse the babe awoke, and smilingly demanded a drink of milk.

Mrs. Judge Hirsch, of Navarro county, Texas, gave birth to six children on the afternoon of November 3. There are four boys and two girls. The father, George Hirsch, is 31, and his wife 27. They have been married five years, and have three children besides the recent accession. The babies are tagged to preserve their identity.

A Rapid City, Dakota, citizen had rather a lively time getting married. He and the consent of the bride's parents, but a big brother interfered and a fist fight occurred. The groom came out victorious, though with a broken hand. The wedding then took place and the party started home. On the way the wagon was overturned and the right arm of the bride broken.

Atlanta, Ga., has a paper house. No wood, brick or iron is used about the building. It is a neat little store, painted sky-blue, and was erected by a Frenchman. The rafters, the roof and the flooring are all made of thick, "compressed paper boards, impervious to water and as durable as wood. The house cannot catch on fire as easily as a wooden building, because the surface of the paper is smooth and hard."

A man living near Humboldt, Iowa, left his 6-months'-old baby in the care of several young children, while he and his wife attended a political meeting. The child was put upon the kitchen-floor by the caretakers, who then scampered off to play. A young shoat came in and attacked the baby, and, when the children returned, had eaten off the fingers of the baby's right hand, a toe off each foot, one ear and part of another.

Two stallions, lately on exhibition at a fair in Vincennes, Ind., broke from their fastenings and engaged in fight. Both animals appeared almost mad with rage. They kicked and bit each other in a most horrible manner, and, with blood streaming from their wounds, they continued the conflict, even after several cowboys and farmers attempted to separate them. The lasso was finally brought into use and the belligerents parted.

A curious breach of promise suit was recently tried at Baltimore. Miss Henrietta C. Brandt and Frederick William Koenig, Jr., were engaged, and after the invitations for their marriage were out they discussed the question of the ceremony. Miss Brandt desired a brilliant reception; Mr. Koenig objected. A quarrel ensued and the engagement was broken. Not long after Koenig married another girl. The jury has given Miss Brandt $20 damages.

DARE YOU REFUSE!

BY WM. W. LONG.

If I could lay upon your tender mouth one kiss,
It would not be so hard to bear all I did miss.

If once my lonely arms could circle thee,
Life's bitterness would have some sweetness left for me.

Oh, my beloved! grant me this boon to know,
Ere that dark hour comes when I must go.

Sweet, let me carry to my future wretchedness
The seal upon my mouth of Love's one perfect kiss.

Dare you deny me this—life of my life?—
If so, then doomed I go to meet Death's strife.

Of the Lancers.

BY MRS. FRASER.

SAVE FOR the title on a brass plate on the door, the house might be taken for a gentlemanly private residence. Its number is 200, its locale, Montpelier Road, Brighton.

It is decidedly a pretty and well got up house, with cool green venetians, and window boxes brimming over with pelargoniums of all colors, and fragrant mignonette; but like a good many deceptions in this remarkably deceptive world, the interior in no wise corresponds with the exterior.

The chief room, which is devoted to the "finishing" of young ladies, is, in fact, singularly devoid of all the little superfluities that minister to comfort, let alone luxury.

Madame De Montmorency goes in for asceticism, but her mode of carrying out this task is swayed by economy.

The walls are sombre, with a paper that "does not show the dirt," and which is not grateful to the eye.

Her chairs are straight-backed and spindley, and decidedly lop-sided, and her inky table hides its dingy face under a cadaverous sage-green cloth, on which bilious sunflowers are embroidered.

Just now a glint of sun—and a glint of Brighton sun is usually bright—comes slanting across one big sunflower and makes it look of costly gold, and it also lights up two fluffy heads that belong to a couple of Madame De Montmorency's pupils, who stand side by side, peering out of the window at a little peep of dark blue sea, and listening to the waves' slow deep mellow voice, though probably at their age that voice, full of awe and mystery and moaning over its dead, has no particular attraction.

They are Madame Montmorency's show pupils.

They are entirely "finished," and the two lovely faces are going to be sent out into the world, to be placed in frames—richly-gilded ones, if possible.

The elder girl—and her right of seniority is a palpable fact—is a magnificent brune. She has a clear glowing skin, and is ox-eyed, like Juno.

Her face is after Roxalana. Heavy coils of blue-black hair crown her dainty head, and her tall well-developed form, even in plain frock of homespun, is suited to a born empress.

There is something imperial, indeed, in every movement of Mildred Harcourt's limbs, in the turn of her white hands—lissome but large—and in the languid uplifting and lowering of the broad lids fringed by long thick lashes.

Alys Vernon is a complete contrast.

Of medium height and slight, she has a fair soft winning face, suggestive of a white rose, and a pair of eyes blue as the summer skies, that look out trustingly on the world, while a mass of hair, piled up high on her head, in the fashion, looks as if it had caught the sun's kisses and kept them imprisoned in its silken meshes.

The peculiar repose of Alys' manner is also a curious contrast to the other girl's, which is full of vivacity; but though they are complete antipodes, they are devoted to each other after the fashion of school girls, and as they stand viewing a prospect, which by dint of being viewed for four years has grown very dull, their chief regret in leaving 200, Montpelier Road, is the inevitable parting from each other.

Mildred, impressionable as wax, warm as a Brazilian sun, and possessing no more stability than a butterfly, occasionally forgets the pain of the coming parting in dreams of a grand future. She has made up her mind to be a duchess at the very least.

Young as she is, admiration and flattery are meat and drink to her, and she is projecting a right royal repast of both stimulants, and she rouses out of visions full of glitter and triumph to notice that Alys is certainly absent, and has an irritating want of sympathy about her.

"You are not a bit more lively than usual, Alys," she says abruptly and rather crossly, "and it's close on our time for emancipation."

"And for saying good-bye to you. Don't you feel a little sorry, Mildred?"

"Of course; but you know we shall soon meet again at Brighton. Only think how jolly it will be to be our own mistresses, with nothing to do but dress well and look pretty. They say bread earned by sweat of the brow is thrice blessed, but give me the loaf of idleness. I should hate being the early bird that picks up the worm, if the worm was old De Montmorency, and I feel so ghoulish sometimes that I could crunch her up, bones and all; and then, Alys, the horrible one-o'clock dinners, with De M. in her inevitable mauve *moire*, stiff as buckram, smiling like a frosty sunbeam on the delicate eaters, and mildly hinting that a healthy appetite is one of the deadly sins of the decalogue; and to crown all, the daily trot down King's Road to Madeira Walk and back again, just like a pack of soldiers; but, oh, speaking of soldiers——"

Miss Harcourt pauses, to take stock of the cupboards in the room, lest there be eavesdroppers about, before she whispers

"I saw such a beautiful one, yesterday."

"Beautiful what?" Alys asks dreamily.

"Soldier—officer. He's one of the Lancers here, and I heard another fellow call him D'Eyncourt."

"Yes," Alys says quietly.

"Please wake up! I don't believe you have heard a word I have been saying,"

"I have: something about an officer; D'Eyncourt you called him."

"And isn't it a lovely name! I should like to be Mrs. D'Eyncourt, awfully."

"Mildred!"

"I should; and he'd like it too, for he turned his head to look at me half-a-dozen times."

"Did he? But what does it matter, since you are not likely to meet him again?"

"Why not? I believe this D'Eyncourt is my fate," Miss Harcourt announces solemnly.

"Oh, Mildred, I can't believe you will let an unknown individual run in your head. We have got over the age of foolish school girls, and are supposed to be sensible young women beginning life in sober earnest."

"And an excellent mode of beginning life is to fall in love, providing it is with an eligible and he returns the compliment. Little goose, don't you know that love steadies the nature even if it confuses the brain? If I love any one he shall be mine; so that D'Eyncourt's doom is fixed. You'll see, Alys, if my words don't come true."

"I hope they will if they bring you happiness with them," Alys says affectionately. "I love you so much, Mildred, I could give up my own happiness for yours."

"I think you would, little silly; you are just the sort to immolate yourself on the altar of friendship. Now I couldn't go so far as that. I would do a lot for you, but I could not give up a man I had a fancy for to any living woman," Miss Harcourt answers carelessly, little recking that these words of hers are to be a fiat of woe to a loving woman.

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For two months and a half of the London season Miss Harcourt is the belle. Every roughness is smoothed, every bramble eradicated from her glowing path, and her eye is delighted by a smiling and velvety surface.

Society—great autocrat—acknowledges her a tremendous success, and worships her as much as she has expected to be worshipped. The royalties look pleasantly on her as she makes a sweeping courtesy before her Majesty—a picture in her white robes and trailing water lilies.

Her last little speeches delight the men and are retailed spitefully by the women. Her toilettes are copied, and she is the centre of an adoring group of the sterner sex in the Park and the Row, at Hurlingham and Henley, at the Derby or Ascot.

But the duke she has promised herself has never turned up, neither has one eligible asked her to accept himself and his belongings.

Out of conceit with the "world," Miss Harcourt leaves town a little disappointed, but not disheartened. She is rather glad to go back to Marine Parade, where her mother owns a house.

The sea will bring back the roses she has lost on the treadmill of society, and by the time the Brighton season begins she will have regained her brilliancy of beauty.

Mrs. Harcourt is not wealthy; but it would be difficult to detect any paucity in her funds. And then, being the widow of the Honorable Mr. Harcourt (dishonorable Mr. Harcourt, financially speaking), Mrs. Harcourt and her daughter know the "cream of Brighton," such as it is.

If heart forms a portion of Miss Harcourt's anatomy, it has remained intact during the London campaign. In fact, she has never forgotten the face that caught her fancy before leaving Madame De Montmorency's; and a pair of deep grey eyes and a careless smile have haunted her through all her town dissipation.

The impression they have made is not singular, since these eyes, which are undeniably handsome ones, added to the thoroughbred face and tall *svelte* figure, have made others besides Miss Harcourt think again and again of Rex D'Eyncourt.

He is nicknamed Rex because he is such a king amongst women, but his godfather and godmother christened him Vere.

It is with a palpable flutter that Miss Harcourt finds herself again in the place where the hero of her imagination is located. But for two long months she seeks vainly for a sight of him; up and down, up and down the sea front, up and down East Street, at the Sunday parade, even as far as Preston.

But Rex D'Eyncourt has gone on leave to Scotland, and among the grouse and the bonnie lasses is enjoying himself thoroughly.

Presently, when October comes, the very first big ball given is by the Lancers, and it naturally happens that Rex, the most popular man and best waltzer in the room, should be presented to the most beautiful girl and best dancer.

Dance after dance sees them together, and destiny being at work, Rex D'Eyncourt asks permission to call at Marine Parade.

When the ball is over, Miss Harcourt goes home in the fly with her mother. She feels satisfied with her evening. Her cheeks glow and her eyes sparkle, and it is a pity it is dark and no one is by to admire her exceeding beauty.

She is convinced she is in love, and before she goes to sleep she kisses her own hand, the hand that Rex had clasped just an hour ago.

Meanwhile, in his quarters at Preston, Rex lounges indolently in a chair, smokes a tolerable cigar, and sends a thought to his flirtation of the evening.

But he is not struck with her. The new girl is only one of over so many who have appeared to like his society. Her great eyes, like southern meteors, have ignited no real spark in his breast, and with the remnant of his "weed" he flings aside her memory and sleeps as well and soundly as a baby, his dreams unpeopled by houris with black orbs and twinkling feet.

Meanwhile Miss Harcourt has not slumbered as well as usual, and is up betimes, counting the hours until four o'clock, at which time "he" (she has already begun to call him "he" told her he would call.

At 3.30 she goes downstairs to assume an elegant but studiously careless pose in the drawing-room, that, denuded of its brown holland swaddling clothes and grand in rose and silver-grey, looks quite imposing.

She is gowned in simple white muslin, with just one deep red rose nestling at her throat, giving the single gleam of color that is the acme of taste and art, and she need not be apprehensive that the visitor will fail to appreciate her.

Rex D'Eyncourt is no Don Juan, but he is a keen admirer of beauty, and a judge of it as well, and in the first glance he realizes that the daylight, usually a severe ordeal, suits this new girl to a T.

To him she is ten times prettier in her virginal snowy gown than in the forget-me-not tulle and crystal of the night before, and if she has lost some of her animation she has gained, what is more dangerous, in softness.

In a little while the Honorable Mrs. Harcourt drops in, naturally and gracefully. She is not much beyond forty, her face and figure are well preserved, and she has to an unusual degree the art of making herself agreeable.

So when a good deal of tea and thin bread-and-butter have been discussed, Rex makes his adieux, and leaves with a determination to cultivate as much as possible these charming new aquaintances of his.

The fact is that he never dreams of danger. He is so much accustomed to being allowed to lounge about in easy chairs and sofas in pretty drawing-rooms, he has been such a favorite of the sex ever since he was nineteen and underwent his first drill, that the affability of Marine Parade comes to him as easily as his post-prandial cigar.

The shadow of love, and above all of marriage, never flits across his brain. He is well off—the best off in the regiment—and he is his own master.

There is not a soul to deter him from wedding even Dollie Brown, who, under the name of Rosabel Mortimer, enchants the eyes of the golden youth with her evolutions in the pantomimes. But Rex is essentially a bachelor.

He looks on matrimony as one of those awful ailments, such as smallpox or typhus, to which human nature is subject, but which with due precaution may be avoided.

He is no misogynist: far from it, for if there's a flaw in him, it's weakness towards women. But he loves his club, his hunting and shooting, and even his regimental life, too much to care for the appendage of a wife. Besides, he has never met any one yet—and he is seven and twenty—who has succeeded in rousing in him any feeling but an ephemeral one.

Poor Rex! He little knows that a council of two have decided his future for him already.

Before long he finds himself an adjunct at Marine Parade, without whose advice no trivial subject can be settled. It is certainly a trying post for a young fellow—the post of oracle and mentor to two lovely women, who seem to be so thoroughly helpless as the Honorable Mrs. Harcourt and her daughter.

It is a post that caters so tremendously to the vanity innate in men. It is a subtle and intoxicating flattery which is hard to resist, and it is the mother and daughter's trump card.

Mildred sings tender love songs to him in a rich contralto that Madame De Montmorency has had well cultivated, and her ox eyes confirm the words on her scarlet lips, and she lingers beside him on the balcony when the moon is at its full.

Still Rex keeps his head, and never utters a word that can be construed into love, and the end of the season finds the beautiful Miss Harcourt a little listless and weary.

What is the good of her beauty, since it is going to fail her now? And she is very sore, knowing that the other Brighton girls who have seen her game, will laugh at her failure in catching the handsomest and richest man in the—Lancers.

Vexed at his holding back like this, she grows petulant and uncertain, and Rex, haughty and sensitive, and wholly unused to a social atmosphere that waxes hot and cold, avoids the house.

A week elapses—seven weary, endless days—without a sign of him, and Mildred pines and raves by turn: while Rex, ensconced in an emporium of pipes, whips, portraits of racers and dancers and all the other trifles that bachelorism affects, forgets her very existence, immersed in a new book of travel in Japan, a journey to which he has dedicated the first long leave of absence he can get.

A tiny note, fragrant of wood violets and familiar to his nostrils, reaches him. The first sensation it creates is boredom, but destiny is working still, and he accepts the invitation, and in due course finds himself installed in his old place at the *chic* little dinner, with Mildred beside him, temper flown (she has seen the folly of it), and infinitely prettier for the slight shadow that hangs over her.

When the repast is finished Mrs. Harcourt vanishes, and Miss Harcourt knows that her hour has come.

Conquest or defeat is close at hand.

There is an awkward silence, during which Rex manufactures a refractory cigarette and Mildred listlessly turns over the pages of a periodical.

Suddenly he looks up and catches a glance that sends the blood to his cheek. Yet it is only a reproachful glance, and she bows her head over the paper.

But Rex has seen something. It is a—tear!

Tears are her best weapons. The sight of them calls up all the chivalric feeling in his nature; and blinds him to the folly of yielding to pity when that pity is not akin to love. It is all over.

With his head bending over her, and the pained look in his grey eyes at her evident suffering, Mildred strikes while the iron is hot. Her slender hand creeps into his, and her head drops on his shoulder.

Rex lets the head, with its wonder of shiny tresses, lie there; but the contact brings no gratification to him. He believes it is his bounden duty to say something, but for the first time in his life he is all astray, and both eloquence and presence of mind desert him.

Meanwhile, having achieved her desire, Mildred weeps, but for joy. True, there is wormwood in her cup, for she is no fool,

and she knows this has been none of his seeking, and that only by art she has beguiled him thus far; but she believes Rex to be absurdly sensitive as regards what the world calls honor, and that though he has uttered no single word to bind him, yet this scene will to a great extent hold him to her.

With all her inordinate vanity, a vanity which has been born with her, and fostered by her mother into a huge Upas that sheds its baneful influence over her whole mind, Miss Harcourt is more knave than fool, and she does not deceive herself as to the fact that she is the wooer and not the wooed, but she salves her conscience by the thought that love must come to him later. How could it be otherwise when she is his wife?

"Miss Harcourt," stammers poor Rex, in a hesitating voice, while he still clasps her hand, just because he has not the moral courage to put it away from him. He is like a good many soldiers—brave as a lion and tough as an oak, except to women. And though he knows she is scarcely as reticent as she should be, he cannot bear to wound her. "Are you ill, or anything the matter? Has anything happened to vex you?"

A commonplace speech, and a stupid one; maladroit, like his sex, he has stumbled on the very leader she wants, simply because he is worried and perplexed and in a regular hole.

"Nothing, only—" and Miss Harcourt, with a cleverness which is luckily rare in girls, throws a husky pathos into her voice—"I have been a little upset, you know. It was awfully silly of me, but I could not help it," and she looks up pleadingly; "you see we have not met for a whole, whole fortnight, Captain D'Eyncourt—Rex!"

His nickname is breathed so low and so softly that Rex is not startled by its familiarity. He glances at his companion's face, at the fresh scarlet lips that call him "Rex," and he finds Niobe transformed into Hebe.

A warm peach bloom has flown back to her cheek, and her great eyes shine like twin stars. He has been all over the world, and just now the girl's beauty seems to eclipse any beauty he has looked upon. Yet he is untouched; he does not lose his head, much less his heart.

He thinks he would like to invest a hundred in a true likeness of the face so near his own—a likeness that he could hang up in his room and christen Circe, Cleopatra, or even Delilah, according to fancy, but not for a moment does he covet the original.

Miss Harcourt pauses to see what manner of response her avowal will elicit. It would be dear incense to her vanity if Rex would but take the initiative and make violent love to her.

The inflection of voice in which she had murmured "Rex" ought to have reached his ear, but when he sits as dumb as a sheep she thinks it quite time to go on.

"Do you know, I really began to believe that you had forgotten us altogether, or worse, that the friendship which had become my greatest happiness had become flat, stale and unprofitable to you."

"Friendship!"

At the word, Rex revives at once. His courage, which has collapsed at the bare idea of sentiment, rears it crest aloft at the Platonic sound, and "Richard is himself again."

"How could such an absurd idea enter your head? You must know, dear Miss Harcourt, that the hours I have passed here have been most pleasant ones."

"Dear Miss Harcourt!"

The crushing amicability expressed in these words awakens her at once to the risky position she still has, and she flings herself back on the rose and silver-grey sofa and abandons herself in the precincts of an embroidered handkerchief to a couple of deep but tearless sobs, while Rex looks on in amazement, and devoutly wishes the house would catch fire or something, so that he could get clear of the place. But fate is dead against him.

"Pray let me call Mrs. Harcourt. I am sure you are——"

Call her mother! It would be a fatal climax!

"No! No!" she answers quickly; "I am not ill, only hurt!"

"Surely I have not said anything to hurt you. I would not hurt you for the world, you know."

"Then you do care for me just a little!" she cries delightedly.

"Yes," he answers; and what else can he say.

"Oh, Rex, I am so glad! I care for you too, I cannot tell you how much, and these Brighton people have been talking about us awfully, and poor mamma has been nearly distracted about it. She will be so happy to hear this."

Hear what? Rex feels that his time has come, and bows to his unlucky fate. His face is very white and set, and there is not a pleasant expression on it; the careless smile that is wont to fascinate so many women has left his mouth, and his deep grey eyes wear a cold steely look.

He knows quite well that this girl, with her arts and wiles and clinging arms, has fairly caught him, and he thinks that if a man had let him in like this he would give him a sound thrashing. But his enemy is a woman, and he is powerless. He ought to have left directly the signals of distress were hoisted.

Now it is too late. Miss Harcourt brought her best ally to the fore when she said the Brighton gossips had been busy with their names.

He has punctilious notions on this score, and so he resolves to plunge bodily into the cold water bath awaiting him, although the very notion of it makes him shiver all over.

"Mildred!"

He speaks the name gravely and sternly. He is not of the type of young England that grow familiar on short acquaintance.

He has always known the girl as Miss Harcourt and thought of her as Miss Harcourt, and even when he says "Mildred," there is no pretence of tenderness in his tone.

On the contrary, it sounds disagreeably chilly and sarcastic as he consents to immolate himself on the altar of "honor."

"If you do care for me, and you really think that marrying me will be for your happiness, I'll do my best to make a good husband, not that matrimony is much in my line," he adds with a curt laugh that has a good deal of bitterness in it.

Miss Harcourt is not thin skinned, or she would feel rather uncomfortable at this very unloverlike speech; but she only feels perfectly satisfied at her success.

"If I care for you! I have cared for you since the first minute I set eyes on you. To be your wife, Rex, is all I desire in the world!"

"So be it," returns Rex. But sweet and red as are her lips, he never attempts to steal his troth-plight, and is charmed when Mrs. Harcourt enters with an unconscious air, though she had been listening at the door for the last ten minutes.

"Kiss me, mamma," Miss Harcourt cries; "I am the happiest, jolliest girl living. Rex and I are going to be married!"

"Married! Oh, my darling Mildred, I am so glad!" And Rex looks on with a dreadful conviction of having been sold, and an utter repugnance to all this kissing and congratulating.

"One thing I must beg of you both," he says presently, in a voice quite unlike his own; "is that no one shall be told of the engagement until I wish."

He does not look like a man to be disobeyed, so, angry and disappointed, the Honorable Mrs. Harcourt and her daughter are forced to acquiesce.

* * * * * *

"Alys, some one to make your acquaintance who ought to have been here long ago. Here he is, the son of my dear old friend. And I have not known of his existence all these months that the regiment has been quartered so near us. Never mind, my boy," and General Vernon administers a slap on his companion's shoulder, "we must make up for lost time, and here's my little girl, who will welcome you as cordially as I do. Shake hands, pet, with Captain D'Eyncourt."

D'Eyncourt. She remembers the name well; it was the name of Mildred Harcourt's adorer.

She stands without offering a word of welcome—a little slight white witch with fluffy golden hair and big startled eyes—and Rex doubts if he is welcome, until he catches a full glance from under the curly lashes.

In the twinkling of an eye these two, Rex D'Eyncourt and Alys Vernon, fall desperately in love with each other, and it would have been better if Rex had not desired the concealment of his engagement, for Alys would not hear of it.

Her intimacy with Miss Harcourt died out long ago—their lives were so dissimilar, and Alys soon found out that her father did not like the acquaintance.

It is only three weeks after she has known Rex that she asks if he knows Miss Harcourt, and his answer is so short and indifferent that she never dreams how well he knows her.

But with the knowledge that he is bound hand and foot by a sense of honor, Rex has no right to lounge in his lazy way so often into the pretty drawing-room of General Vernon's villa in Arundel, and to sit hour after hour with Alys.

He seems to like sitting here, a little aimlessly, never saying much or even appearing happy, for Alys often sees his brow contract and a heavy shadow creep across his grey eyes and his handsome mouth, and she wonders what ails him, and longs to have the power to chase the shadow away. She yields up her heart to him without a struggle to keep it back—her future looks so clear and serene.

Golden hope and rosy love make the earth a paradise, and she goes from day to day, her fair face blushing beneath Rex's fervent gaze, her little hand fluttering like a bird at his touch.

Of course Rex sees it all. He reads the virgin page of the heart on which one name is inscribed—his own—like an open book. He is not dishonorable, yet he cannot resist quaffing the sweet draught Alys holds to his lips.

He cannot put away with his own hands the delicious incense of the love she reveals in every word and glance.

All he can do is to keep back the burning protestations which rush to his lips, and to refrain from taking the little girl in his longing arms whom he has found out to be his beau ideal of woman nature.

Miss Harcourt and Alys are as different as darkness and light, but Rex never attempts to make any systematic analysis or philosophic *resume* of their respective merits. Their images are as wide apart in his fancy as their natures are in fact.

It is not long before Captain D'Eyncourt's frequent visits to Arundel become a matter of discussion. His good looks and his wealth have made him a marked man to the feminine portion of Brighton, and his movements are freely commented on.

Miss Harcourt hears the gossip with a cheek that is deadly white, and with clenched hands that tell of anger and jealousy.

It is a Miss Vernon who is supposed to be Captain D'Eyncourt's attraction, and she remembers that Alys had told her long ago that her father had a country house at Arundel.

She determines to go at once to the fountain head. All she has need to do is to show Alys that Rex is hers—hers by right of troth—and that she is determined to hold him to his word.

Alys is alone. She is changed a little in these later days; her face is very white and her eyes have lost their sunny look. It is days since she has seen Rex, and her whole soul is absorbed in seeking reasons for his absence when Miss Harcourt, unannounced, stands before her—Miss Harcourt with a hard cruel face that frightens her.

"What is it Mildred?" she asks nervously; and then she holds out her hand, but the hand is rejected scornfully.

"What is it, Mildred?" she asks again.

"The matter is that you are treacherous and mean! That you are trying to take Captain D'Eyncourt from me—that you are using every art to secure him for yourself!"

Using every art! Alys knows no arts; and it is this very blessed ignorance that has won her the love that Miss Harcourt, with all her worldly guile, has failed signally to gain.

Alys is proud in her way, and she answers with a dignity that rather amazes the other girl.

"I am not trying to 'secure' Captain D'Eyncourt; but even if I were, I do not see what concern it is of yours!"

"What concern it is of mine? Good heavens, are you mad?" and Miss Harcourt paces the room with rapid strides.

Then she stops and faces Alys—Alys who grows whiter and whiter, whose heart seems to stand still as she questions herself, "Can he be anything to Mildred?"

She feels a dead weight settle down on her. An instinct tells her that her hands of happiness are run, and Miss Harcourt's dark eyes full of anger cast a blight upon her; Miss Harcourt's tall figure, swaying in her excitement, seems like a giant shadow on her life.

"Alys, do you consider it right or honest to see Captain D'Eyncourt, to encourage him, to do your utmost to make him act a traitor's part to his affianced wife?"

"His affianced wife!" stammers Alys with shaking lips; then a momentary unconsciousness steals over her.

"The knowledge that Captain D'Eyncourt is engaged to me seems to have a strange effect on you," sneers Miss Harcourt. "Pray is he anything to you?"

"Nothing!" answers Alys. And though her heart feels broken she gathers up enough courage to reiterate, in a firm voice, "Nothing!"

And it is true, for Rex is nothing to her now.

"Captain D'Eyncourt is a friend of my father's, that is all."

"Women don't turn white and faint when they hear that a friend of their father is going to be married. Alys, you can't deceive me, and I don't blame you, for you have acted in ignorance, but I do blame Captain D'Eyncourt. He has behaved shamefully and dishonorably in making love to you."

"He has never said a word of love to me in his life," Alys asserts positively.

She knows that the lord of her idolatry has turned out very imperfect clay after all, that deceit lies heavily at his door, but woman-like her only wish is to exonerate him in Miss Harcourt's eyes.

"Alys, will you send Captain D'Eyncourt away from you now that you know he belongs to me?"

"I will send him away."

Miss Harcourt knows that the girl is truthful down to the very bottom of her soul.

"Thank you," she says carelessly. "And mind, if you do not keep your word I shall make a public scandal; I give you warning that I am going to watch over what I consider my own property. I'll have no tampering with his feelings. I'll stand no rival in his heart. His heart is really mine, I know it; and do you think that you or any other woman has the power to take away a man I love?" she adds with crushing arrogance.

Alys answers nothing.

White and motionless as a statue she listens to all that the jealous implacable woman has to say, and with a stricken look in her eyes sees her leave the room. She rises slowly, and going to the window watches the figure of D'Eyncourt's future wife until it is out of sight.

Then she goes quietly up to her own room to cry, lest her old father will find out that her heart is broken.

Rex makes his appearance the afternoon following Miss Harcourt's visit, and Alys receives him as usual, though even his coming does not bring the color to her face or the light to her eyes. He looks at her keenly; something has gone wrong with her, but what he has no suspicion of.

"Come out on the river," he says, "a row will do you good."

She assents a little unwillingly, but yet she cannot bring herself to refuse him. So putting on her hat she walks beside him silent, and to his thinking a little cold.

Rex springs into the boat and pushes it close to the shore, then he turns and holds out his hand to assist her in. The river, with the sunlight gilding its current, flows quietly by; the drooping foliage that fringes the bank looks dark and mysterious. The little craft rocks on the water as Rex bends forward, but still the girl hesitates, and in her heart wishes she had not come.

"Alys, come!" he says softly. He has never called her by her christian name before, and his voice thrills through her veins as she listens. "Why are hesitating to-night? Do you not remember how many times we have gone for a row?"

"I remember," she says in a low trembling voice, and she presses her hand to her heart as a sudden spasm turns her faint and cold.

"Then why delay now? Alys, let us have a happy hour. It is little to you, perhaps, but so much to me; come."

So Alys goes. It seems so little to do for him, and she feels that she cannot resist one more taste of happiness, one dream of Heaven, before it is put away for ever. In another moment they are gliding down the stream.

It is a day full of magical beauty. For a while there is silence; then Rex says suddenly and passionately, "I wish you and I could drift away to a home and life of our own!"

Alys starts. The voice more than the words tells her she is unwise to be here; but before another instant, Rex is bending over to her, his face close to her own.

"Alys, you don't want me to tell you how I love you! Oh, my darling, my child, you must know it! You can see how love has mastered everything, and made silence out of my power!"

Her breat comes in short quick gasps and a mist rises before her eyes; but she is very plucky, in spite of her fragile organization.

"Don't make me regret coming this afternoon, Captain D'Eyncourt," she says quietly. "What is the object of these wild words—surely you are not laughing at me for amusement?"

He looks at her aghast. She has never spoken like this to him, his soft blue-eyed little darling.

"Are you angry with me for telling you how I love you, Alys?"

"Yes!" she cries, forcing a flash of resentment into her voice. "Do you think I am only fit to be a toy? You are engaged to Miss Harcourt, and yet you dare to talk of love to me! What am I to think?"

"Think that Miss Harcourt is nothing to me, while you are everything," Rex answers, with uncontrollable passion in his accents.

"Captain D'Eyncourt!"

The name bursts from her almost in a moan. She has the strictest notions as to a man's honor, and it hurts her that this man, whom she has placed on a pedestal to worship, should show a weak point in his nature.

"I fling Miss Harcourt and every thought of her to the wind. I am yours, Alys—my Alys! And it is for you to say what you'll do with me!" he cries vehemently.

"And your honor—where is that?" she asks faintly.

"My honor is safe in my own keeping," he tells her haughtily. "I break no faith in breaking with such a woman as Miss Harcourt. I have found out what she is, and you cannot blame me if I put her out of my life without even a consideration."

"But I do blame you! A man must not break his word. You have said words to me this evening, Captain D'Eyncourt, which you ought not to have said; but we can both forget them."

"A man cannot forget what his heart is full of, Alys. What ails you to-night? Only the last time we met I could have sworn that you loved me!"

Again she feels that short sharp pain at her heart. In a moment she forgets Miss Harcourt; she only remembers that his eyes look into her own—that Rex loves her.

Then she realizes that she must by her own fiat send him away from her.

"You have no right to speak to me like this!

"I have a right—the right that love gives, Alys." And he drops the oar and seizes her fragile hands. "You love me, too, and by that love I swear none but you shall be my wife!"

"Hush!" and she tries to draw away her hands. "You are cruel to say such things, and I am wrong to listen."

"Don't you love me, Alys? My little Alys! For God's sake don't tell me that I have deceived myself!"

He sees a shiver pass over her, and her small face—pale and pure as a lotus flower—grows even more pure under the golden rays.

"I may have cared once," she begins; for she dares not tell an untruth to this man whom she is worshipping, even now, in spite of his duplicity, with her whole soul.

"Once." His handsome face shadows and his voice shakes like a woman's. "Once! and not now?"

She does not answer, but looks away from him and gazes down wistfully on the water that shines up opalescent under the sun's light. Then she raises her glance to him, and he can see drops glittering on the long lashes, and such a depth of sadness in the pretty blue eyes, that he feels like a criminal for having brought it there.

Suddenly Alys speaks. "Don't make it harder for me, Captain D'Eyncourt. I am very miserable, I know, but I can't forget that Mildred Harcourt was my friend once, and I cannot be the traitor to her that you wish me to be."

Then she breaks down, and bowing her face on her hands sobs like the child she is.

Each of those sobs cuts him to the heart like a knife, and Rex grows desperate. Once more he seizes her hands, and covering them with vehement kisses, holds them tightly clasped in his own.

"You need not think I shall let you go out of my life, my pet! my darling! No man can give up without a struggle the thing that is the dearest, most precious to him in all the world. I love you, Alys, I have never loved any one before, and I shall love you always—always! Do you think, then, that I shall let you go? Come, my own, forget Miss Harcourt; forget

everything except the blessed fact that you and I love one another, and nothing and nobody shall come between us two!"

He passes one arm around her and draws the slender figure to him until, for the first time, her golden head lies on his shoulder, and his lips press hers in a long and fervent kiss. Then Alys remembers, and with that remembrance of Mildred, shrinks away from him, ashamed and self-condemning.

But before another word is spoken there is a sound on the shore—towards which the boat has drifted—that startles them: a sound of footsteps and crackling branches, and from behind a group of weeping willows Miss Harcourt steps out and faces them.

She is not alone; her mother is with her and two brother officers of D'Eyncourt's.

Watching with the vigilance that came with her mortified love and vanity, she has tracked her recreant lover here; and on the pretence of an impromptu picnic to Arundel has enlisted the two men, so as to flavor her revenge on her hated rival with more bitterness and humiliation.

"Mildred!" Rex exclaims on the spur of the moment.

"Yes!" she answers, with her eyes blazing and her tones trembling with fury; "it is I. You did not count on witnesses to your charming love scene. Allow me to congratulate you on your sense of honor; and when I tell Captain Trevor and Mr. Molyneux that you and I have been engaged for three months, and that our wedding day is fixed, they will recognize what a thorough-paced cad their brother officer is! As for you, Miss Vernon you are simply a disgrace to your sex, who under the guise of simplicity and innocence is worse than——"

"Stop!" thunders Rex; but the next instant he forgets that such a person as Miss Harcourt exists.

Hardly have the insulting words left her mouth than Alys falls forward in the boat. White and unconscious, she leans against him for a moment; then she lifts her head and opens her large blue eyes wide. They are dazed with terror, her pale lips quiver, her little hands clasp together as if in pleading.

Holding her to his breast, Rex springs on shore, and putting her gently down on the turf, he kneels beside her.

"Alys! My love! My darling! Speak to me for God's sake," he cries wildly, showering down passionate kisses on the little white face, to which the sunbeams lend greater whiteness.

But Cecil Trevor, who has approached the two, and is looking down at them with sympathetic eyes, stoops and touches him on the shoulder.

"Rex," he says in an awed voice, "don't you see how it is? She will never tell you again that she loves you!"

Rex stares up at him bewildered; then he bends once more over his little love. No word comes to his lips, but in his eyes is the horror of realization.

How sweet the small flower-like face looks, lying on the grassy pillow under the amber beams, with a soft wind signing a requiem over her.

And the woman whose cruel words have wrought this grevious thing, goes quickly away in silence, abashed by the presence of—Death!

Alys sleeps now. Forget-me-not as blue as her own eyes are growing over her; and Rex D'Eyncourt has gone back to his old life, and wears a brave front before the world. But a shadow—the shadow of a grave—rests on his face, his mouth has forgotten its careless smile, and he knows that if he lives to be ever so old he will never forget the little girl who crept into his heart.

The Handsome Doctor.

BY W. H. S.

"AND don't you really think Dr. Wilfred Morley a very handsome man, Miss Gray?" queried Mary Jones, at the ladies' sewing society; and all who heard the question stopped working and listened eagerly for Sophie Gray's reply.

Sophie, a small, slight, yet commanding-looking brunette, flashed an amused glance around the circle, and laughed so significantly that two or three of her friends blushed; the quick-tempered daughters of Sir George Laurie drew themselves up and frowned; while that pink and white beauty, Carine Woodsleigh, sighed audibly, and shaded her face with her hand, as if she were personally concerned in the matter.

"I don't think I have ever expressed an opinion of any kind respecting Dr. Wilfred Morley's persona, appearance," Miss Gray said at last, "nor do I know why you ask me to do so now. All the years I have lived in Earndell no one has ever inquired what I think of Dr. Wilfred's father, and yet he has always attended me and my household."

"It is not a case in point," cried Lydia Vane, scornfully. "We are not discussing the skill of our medical men, but the physiognomy of the latest comer amongst us. Now, do confess that you agree with the majority, and think as we do, that Dr. Wilfred is one of the handsomest men you ever saw?"

Again the reply was waited for with breathless eagerness, for Sophie Gray was the wealthiest and most independent young lady present.

Since the death of her father, the lord of the manor, she had been her own mistress, the aunt residing with her as ostensible chaperon being a nonentity as well as an invalid.

Sophie had, however, a companion for her walks and drives, teaching at the schools, and cottage visiting.

Bessie Layton was the orphan daughter of an estimable man, who had been land-steward to the late Mr. Gray; and as she was an unpretending, sweet-tempered girl, who never seemed to feel a snub—and certainly never resented one—even those young ladies of Earndell who were loudest in their expressions of surprise that Sophie Gray made so much of this insignificant little thing were forced to allow that Bessy did not presume on her friend's kindness.

As Miss Gray was of a social turn of mind, and frequently gave the most delightful tennis parties and carpet dances, no one cared to offend her.

Yet it was immensely provoking that she should turn the cold shoulder on the most eligible of the Earndell bachelors; the son of the elderly practitioner, who for more years than we care to count had been considered the cleverest medical man in or near Earndell.

Dr. Wilfred, as he was commonly called, to distinguish him from his father, had been studying in Paris and Vienna.

He left Earndell a raw, awkward boy; he returned there a polished gentleman, with diplomas and certificates of his ability that warranted his sire in publicly announcing that from henceforth Wilfred would be his partner, with a view to his own retirement by-and-by.

But the sewing maidens are still sitting with their work on their laps and needles suspended, or else tapping impatiently on the table with their silver thimbles.

"You ask me," said Sophie Gray, slowly, "if I consider Dr. Morley's son handsome. How can I answer when I have every reason to believe that you and I attach very different meanings to the word? I have known persons who were commonly called ugly, but whose features were so expressive, so intelligent, that they were beautiful in my sight. If I concede that Dr. Wilfred is a very pretty young man, will it satisfy you? At the same time I must be allowed to say that I don't feel at all anxious to cultivate his acquaintance simply because he has a well-shaped nose and a respectable moustache."

A pretty young man; and this was all the praise she would bestow on the dark-eyed, handsome doctor, whom a score of female admirers were likening to Guy Livingstone—Lord Byron—and every hero of romance they could remember.

For the first time in his life, Dr. Morley elder found himself at a discount amongst the more youthful of his patients; they, the female ones, preferring to tender their wrists and murmur their symptoms to a younger, or as they said, a more sympathizing medico than he.

Was Dr. Wilfred, or was he not, aware of the admiration he excited? and was he proof against the sighs and modest glances of Carine, the saucy speeches of Lydia Vane, and the more gracious ones of the Misses Laurie?

Anyhow he gave no sign, treating them all with the same graceful deference; and while never seeming in a hurry yet always contriving to make his many engagements an excuse for slipping away when his fair friends became too pressing in their civilities.

Some months had passed away, and still Dr. Wilfred continued to appear beautifully unconscious that half a dozen young ladies were hoping he would propose; and Miss Sophie Gray curled her lip and was distantly polite to the handsome doctor, when suddenly an event occurred that caused the greatest excitement in Earndell.

Someone had seen Dr. Wilfred walking his horse down a lonely lane and a veiled female was with him, clinging to his arm. At the sound of footsteps they parted, but not without a long clasp of hands and a promise to meet again on the morrow.

The watcher—a meddlesome old maid—contrived to throw herself in the way of the veiled female, and discovered that she was none other than Bessy Layton!

Strange to say, no one blamed Dr. Wilfred, but volleys of feminine abuse were aimed at that wretched girl, that artful creature, that hypocritical, designing little wretch, whose wickedness poor Miss Gray did not suspect.

There were plenty of good, amiable women eager to enlighten her. It was only right and proper, or so Lady Laurie argued, that she should have her eyes opened to the real nature of the viper she had been cherishing, and everyone agreed with her feeling in their hearts if they did not express it openly, that Earndell would be disgraced if a little nobody distanced all its marriageable maidens and carried off the handsome doctor.

Stern and white looked Sophie Gray when Lady Laurie, backed by Mrs. Vane and the spinster who witnessed the meeting in the lonely lane, imparted the tidings of Bessy Layton's disgraceful conduct, but she made no remark upon it.

Curtly excusing herself to her visitors, she quitted the room. What she said to Bessy Layton they had no means of learning; but it leaked out somehow that Bessy Layton was packed off to London that same day.

Lady Laurie could not put in practice her charitable intention of calling on Miss Gray and condoling with her, for the very excellent reason that she also quitted Earndell, removing to Brighton, where she had a house, and taking her invalid aunt with her.

She was missed all the more because Dr. Wilfred accepted an appointment at one of our largest hospitals, and actually went away without proposing to either of the marriageable maidens who sighed for him.

The Misses Laurie found Earndell so dull that autumn, and were so peevish in consequence, that at last their mother, for peace sake, joined the Vanes and Woodleighs at Worthing.

During their stay they attended a concert at Brighton, and there encountered Sophie Gray.

"Am I ever coming home again? Oh, yes—why not? There is no place I like better than Earndell. I never found it dull I assure you."

"We miss you dreadfully, my dear," said her ladyship; and her daughters echoed the word "dreadfully!" "We can never forgive the wretched girl whose treachery robbed us of your society."

"Are you speaking of Bessy Layton? She was never treacherous. You wrong her cruelly, Lady Laurie."

"But—but——"

"Allow me," interrupted Sophie, with her quiet air of authority. "At the time of which you speak Bessy had reason to fear that, owing to an accident, trivial in itself, she was in danger of being afflicted with the terrible disease that killed my dearest mother. To spare me the pain I should have suffered in knowing this, she privately consulted Dr. Wilfred Morley. Now you know why she met him. Now you know why I—like the coward I am—fled here, unable to witness the operation he advised and assisted in performing. It was successful."

"And Bessy rewards him with her fair self!" sneered Lydia Vane.

"He deserved all her gratitude could give him," was the reply, "for his skill was scarcely greater than his thoughtful kindness. He and I learned to understand and like each other by Bessy's sick bed."

"And the consequence is——"

"That Bessy has gone to Australia with the lover to whom she had long been engaged; while your plain-faced neighbour, Sophie Gray has—don't be startled—promised to marry the Handsome Doctor!"

PARISIAN BEGGARS.—Among the curious stories told of Parisian beggars is one concerning a blind man—really blind—who is always to be found near a certain gateway on the Boulevard Sebastopol.

A passer-by who was in the habit of giving him a couple of sous one day dropped a double louis in the fellow's hat by mistake. The blind man was gone, but a cripple in the gateway directed him to the Rue du Petit Carreau where he said "Monsieur Benjamin" lived.

The inquirer went to the address indicated. A nicely-dressed servant came to open the door.

"Monsieur Benjamin in?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

Our friend is shown into an elegant anteroom, through which one could see into a dining room, where there was a table admirably appointed with fine white linen, crystal and silver.

The maid came to say that Monsieur Benjamin would be glad to see his visitor, and at the same instant she opened the door of an apartment furnished in the Turkish fashion, in which the blind man was seated on a divan.

"You wished to speak to me?" he said.

"Yes, indeed, sir," replied our friend, rather embarrassed. "I am very sorry to trouble you, but the fact is—I believe—I rather think—that in passing along the Boulevard Sebastopol this morning I gave you by mistake two louis for two sous."

The blind man said, with the utmost coolness:

"That is quite possible—I haven't looked at the cash yet and if there is a mistake, nothing is easier than to rectify it."

He rang a bell, which was answered by the maid.

"Ask M. Ernest," he said, "if in the receipts of this morning he has found a piece of forty francs."

The piece was there; the maid brought it; and at the bidding of her master presented it on a tray of Chinese lac to his visitor. The visitor pounced upon his coin, and without more ado proceeded to take his leave.

"Pardon, sir," said the blind man, "you forget something—there are two sous to return to me."

THE WOMAN OF MIDDLE AGE.—With the ideal woman of middle age—that pleasant woman, with her happy face and softened manner, who unites the charms of both epochs, retaining the ready responsiveness of youth while adding the wider sympathies of experience—with her there has never been any struggle to make herself an anachronism.

Consequently she remains fairer than all the pastes and washes in the perfumer's shop could make her. Sometimes, it rarely, in these latter days, we meet her in society, where she carries with her an atmosphere of honest, wholesome truth and love, which makes every one who enters it better and purer for the time.

All children and all young persons love her because she understands and loves them, for she is essentially a mother—that is, a woman who can forget herself, who can give without asking to receive, and who, without seeing any of the individualism which belongs to self respect, can yet live for and in the lives of others, and find her best joy in the well-being of those about her.

There is no servility, no exaggerated sacrifice in all this; it is simply the fulfilment of woman's highest duty—the expression of that grand maternal instinct, which need not necessarily include the fact of personal maternity, but which must find utterance in some line of unselfish action with all women worthy of the name. The ideal woman of middle age understands the young because she has lived with them. If a mother, she has performed her maternal duties with cheerfulness and love.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Education in Germany has gone to singular lengths, and the State has at last had to interfere at a point where interference would be least expected. The burden of knowledge has been too heavy for some of the young scholars. It has been more than they can bear, and so a paternal Government has come to their assistance determined to lighten it.

Science is not content to leave any comfort in life. People nervous about their food have held with desperate faith to the belief that an egg, at least, was by its shell kept clean and sound until it reached a stage easily to be detected. Now it has been proved that eggs transported by rail, are liable to a species of inflammation, which is indicated by adhesion between the membrane of the yolk and those of the shell, so that the yolk cannot be turned out of the shell unbroken. Thus an egg may seem, to the unscientific observer, to be perfectly good, while it is by no means in a healthy condition.

In the following report of a marriage ceremony performed in London, very little credit is due either the officiating clergyman, the bride or the groom. The senior curate of St. George's Campden-hill was called upon to marry a couple, and after the ceremony had proceeded some distance he discovered that the bridegroom was, as he says, "indisputably drunk," and "unable to repeat the words of betrothal and wedlock to any approach to accuracy." His first impulse, he adds, was to stop, but the bride, being remonstrated with for bringing her betrothed to the altar drunk, replied that she could not induce him to come when sober, and he proceeded and married the couple.

A gang of thieving boys was broken up at Corinth, New York, recently, and the police got possession of a copy of the oath which bound them together. Each boy was bound to take the oath with his right hand on a human skull, and his left hand clasping a dagger. The oath reads as follow: "I do solemnly swear by my life's forfeit that I will never reveal the name of any member of this order; and that I will do all in my power to promote its best interests; that I will cheerfully assent to all divisions of property or funds raised by the same by our captain, that I will be ready day and night to enter upon our chosen business and to prevent discovery of any member of this order."

There is a paper house in Atlanta, Ga. No wood, brick, iron, or other material is used about the building. At Decatur St., Atlanta, a neat little store, painted sky blue, has attracted considerable attention recently. The gaudy color is not the reason of the little building being the object of so much attention, but the material of which it is constructed makes it a novelty. The rafters, the weatherboarding, the roof and the flooring are all made of thick, compressed paper board, impervious to water, and as durable as wood. The house cannot catch on fire as easily as a wooden building, because the surface of the paper is smooth and hard. The building is used as a store by Neal Kelly, who says he finds it warm in cool weather and comfortable when the weather is warm.

Lars Peter Hansen, of Minneapolis, is in a most pitiable condition, and to use the words of a correspondent, "is calmly awaiting the day when he will become a raving maniac." This singular case is the result of an accident in August last. Hansen was working in the sewer, when a brace fell from above, striking him on the head. "He was knocked insensible, but recovered sufficiently to walk home. Dr. Damus was called and found the cerebro-spinal fluid escaping from his head. The doctor considered the case a serious one, and thought Hansen did not live, he was stricken blind, but regained sight in a few days and seemed in a fair way toward recovery. But later he showed symptoms of insanity, which have become more evident day by day, and now he is rapidly drifting toward the madhouse. The peculiarity of the case is that Hansen is fully conscious of his impending and horrible fate.

A most interesting experiment has culminated in Plymouth, Mass., in the raising of wheat grown from seeds as old as Exodus. David Drew, the experimenter, last year, received from a friend in Alexdria, Egypt, some grains of wheat, taken from a mummy exhumed near the ruins of Memphis, and belonging, it is believed, to the Ninth Dynasty, which would make it grown about 3,000 B.C., or be nearly five thousand years old. He planted the seed early in the spring, carefully nursing it. It grew rapidly, and at the time of cutting measured from six and a half to seven feet high. The leaves alternate on the stalk like common wheat, but the product of the plant is the most singular part of it, for, instead of growing in an ear like modern corn, there is a heavy cluster of small twigs in place of the spindle which hangs downward from its weight and each twig is thickly studded with kernels, each of which is on a separate hook. From what is threshed, a larger crop will be grown next year, as the result proves this ground, to exceed in quality anything that the modern grain can grow.

Our Young Folks.

THE HOME IN THE TREE.

BY MRS. HOLDAY HUNT.

IT was one of the loveliest days in that lovely month of June, a day to tempt out birds, and children, and old people together.

Stella's garden was a pretty one. In its centre spread the green grass, all embroidered with daisies, for never a spud came near the lawn.

There was no smart plots of geranium to spoil the children's play, but a neat gravel path was round it, and the whole was enclosed by a red brick wall with tufts of shaking grass, and here and there a knot of ivy over on the top.

Under it lilies and roses would soon appear with wallflower and evening primrose, candy tuft, and sweet-peas.

In and out amongst the trees were many nooks where one might play at hide and seek, or find shelter in the hottest days.

In one corner, half out of sight, was a nut-tree with a bench beneath it. There Hugh and Stella used to play, or sit with their books in the long summer evenings.

In another place, where the ivy was thickest, there grew a very old apple-tree, which you would have thought too old to bear fruit, had you not seen first the delicate pinky blossoms appearing like magic in the spring time, and later on ripening into rosy and golden fruit, making the old tree look in the gleaming as though it were decked with lamps for a festival.

Here, in this tree, lived a family of three young nightingales, named Flash, Chuckie and Song. They had a soft nest, quite out of sight, where they lived with their mother.

Their father, poor bird, had been caught, and carried to the city, where he tried to make the best of it in an ugly square cage hung up in a narrow street; but he could not manage it for long; because he loved his wife and little ones, and was always wishing to return to them.

After a few [illegible] he [illegible] and [illegible] between the three perches, popping his head in at a little hole used for seed and water, and getting more and more melancholy until he died.

The mother bird never felt quite sure what had become of him, but she had heard from her friends of traps and cages, and thus was ever anxious whenever she went out to any distance in search of caterpillars and worms for the little ones.

[illegible]

[illegible]

Being a brave bird, and unwilling to sadden her young ones before they went to sleep, she shook her feathers and went on with the next duty of the day.

"Well, she continued, "you remember our neighbor the sparrow [illegible] us when she just as a visit, now [illegible] a little house, made of four red bricks, and how, just as she was enjoying it the roof fell in, and she only escaped with her life by a miracle."

Here Flash, who was an impetuous little fellow broke in:

"Oh, mother, don't compare us with the sparrows, who are greedy, quarrelsome birds, and can't sing a bit! Of course any of that family would be tempted by the sight of good food, but we nightingales are hardly so foolish."

"True, my child," said his mother, "the sparrow and her relations are vulgar in their tastes, and don't know the difference between chirping or singing, but for all that we may profit by their experience, as I dare say a trap feels as uncomfortable to a nightingale as to a sparrow."

In truth the mother nightingale had once been as proud as little Flash, but since the latter had left them she had quite changed, and had become meek, so fearful was she lest any harm should befall her dear children.

So again cautioning them, and giving a farewell to each, she flew away, determined to find her way back as soon as possible.

Chuckie was the first to make any remark.

"Well, Flash," said he, "though the sparrows are not so musical a family as the nightingales, though they may even be vulgar, I would willingly exchange places with them if I might fly about where I please, as they do; our mother is so particular, but theirs never ask where they go nor minds what birds they make friends with. Now look," he said, making a jerking movement to lift his head over the edge of the nest, "see that little fellow, how he can fly by this time, quite independently, while we are only just fledged, and can't venture so much as to flutter alone. Look what a delicious worm he has found under the nut tree! Dear, dear!" said Chuckie, impatiently, "I really believe it only needs a little courage to do the same oneself. I shall just try."

"Oh, don't, Chuckie!" said his sister Song, but before she could remind him of their mother's warning, Chuckie had fluttered down from the nest, and they saw him making his way by little excited starts along the gravel path, and soon he was out of sight.

Meantime the dear mother bird in her search for food first flew off to the fruit garden.

There, in the midst of rows of young currants, stood such a dreadful-looking creature much worse than any human being, with a black hat covering his face, his two arms spread out like a sign-post, his coat in rags, and with a white pipe in his mouth.

She felt quite ill, and would not linger even to see whether there were no bunch of white transparent berries such as Chuckie liked so much.

No, she would not, she could not face that ugly figure so she perched for a minute on a hawthorn bush just to give herself time to collect her ideas, and tapping her beak on either side against the twig before her, flew away to the safe cabbage bed to find there, out of harm's way, plenty of caterpillars, which the ugly creature with threatening arms could not grudge her.

"Now," said she to herself, "my dear children will not have to wait for their supper, and after all I believe this food is better for them than the currants would have been."

She did not fly straight to the nest for fear the gardener should be on the watch and so discover the place of her home; she just settled on a bush at a little distance and gave a soft call, which was answered by another, fainter, but which she could not mistake.

She darted to her nest beneath the ivy; what was her dismay when she looked in and saw Flash and Song alone.

"Where is Chuckie?" she said, without heeding the caterpillar that fell from her beak. Then the two little birds told how Chuckie had watched the sparrows until he had been tempted [illegible] as they did, and now he was [illegible] out of sight.

There was [illegible] for the poor mother bird, who had thought [illegible] safe and sound in bed. She had looked forward to a sweet calm evening of rest and quiet close to her children, when she would sing to them of their father.

Now she must start again on her sorrowful errand in search of Chuckie. She gave the others their supper in silence, and without waiting to share it herself flew into the garden below.

First she chirped under the nut-tree softly, then a little louder, but no answer came, then she made her way under the laurel bushes, but no—there was no sight or sound of Chuckie; she flew as far as she dare venture away from home, and at last in despair alighted in a walnut-tree near Stella's window, and poured forth her sorrow in song.

Stella leaned out of the window and thought she had never heard the nightingale sing so sweetly, she did not know that the poor bird was singing for sorrow.

She called Hugh to her side, and the brother and sister stood silently with their arms round each other's shoulders curious for a sight of the little bird they had so often heard but never seen.

"I forget he goes," shouted Hugh, "what a tiny little fellow to have such a big voice."

"I know another little fellow who has a very big voice," said his mother, who just then came in to bid them good night.

They were soon in bed, where their mother left them with a kiss, telling them to dream of the nightingale.

The poor bird, there was little sleep for her; she started at every rustle of the ivy leaves as the wind played among them, and when for a little while, quite tired out, she fell asleep, she dreamt of Chuckie, and awoke to fresh grief. Where was he?

At first he felt very proud of himself; after all, he thought, it is quite easy to fly, it only needs courage, and what sights I shall see that I never could have seen had I stayed in that cramped little nest.

So he thought to himself, as he fluttered along in the shadow of the laurel hedge; all seemed so delightfully new, and each sight as he passed it more enticing than the last. He did not feel tired, no not a bit, he felt he could go on for ever.

Silly bird! he never thought of the long road that lay between him and home, but only of the pleasure of the moment.

He even forgot his mother, though he was a tender-hearted little fellow, and would not have grieved her willingly. By and-by when he was sad and lonely he remembered her, and cried for her in vain.

Soon, as the moon rose and the stars made bright openings in the deep sky, poor Chuckie heard voices growing loud and [illegible].

He tried to flutter up to the hedge, but now, and to tell, he was far from home, away in a lane that led to the school of the village.

He was tired and only succeeded in reaching half way up the bank again to fall back on to the path. The voices were those of school-boys returning from the choir practice in the old church.

"Poor little fellow!" said one of the choristers, "he is only just fledged; I should think his nest must be near. I declare it is a young nightingale!"

Here Chuckie felt himself lifted up in something soft and dark, and for the first time he remembered his mother's warning, but it was too late now.

The thought only helped to make him more unhappy.

"I know what I will do," said the boy who had spoken, "we evidently can't find the nest, let us take the bird home; there is a nice cage in the loft, and my natural history book tells all about the habits of nightingales. How jolly it will be when he can sing."

"I know they eat worms," said one.

"No, no; my book says chopped hard boiled eggs" and "raw meat" suggested another, "and we can give it that directly we get home."

So the matter was settled, and with all care poor Chuckie was put into a cage and chirped to and whistled to in the hope of inducing him to eat of the dainties such as he had never seen or dreamt of.

But never a thing tasted he.

How warm and cozy the nest seemed in the apple-tree which he had thought tiny and cramped a few hours ago; this, and many more sad thoughts came into his head during the night, until he felt as old as his mother, and—as wise.

Two days passed in this way. The children came and visited him whenever they had an interval from play, they changed his diet every hour when they saw he did not eat the food set before him, until on the third morning one of them said to the other, who stood by the side of the cage with tears in his eyes at the sight of Chuckie so cheerless:

"It is plain that the bird will not live if it does not eat. Perhaps it dislikes a cage and would do better in the open air; let us hang a basket in the cherry tree; it can't fly away, it is too young. I dare say it will feel more at home there than anywhere else when one comes to think of it."

"That's a good idea," said his companion, "let us do it at once," and they ran off in search of a basket.

"Here is the very thing—a strawberry basket; we can fill it with grass half way up, and then it will still be too deep for the little creature to fly away or fall out, and I do want to tame it; it would be so delightful to have a tame nightingale to eat out of one's hand."

So Chuckie was put into the strawberry basket, and for a minute his spirits rose as he smelt and felt the fresh grass and saw the green leaves interlaced above his head; and when the breeze swayed the basket a little from side to side, he could almost fancy he was at home.

But there was no mother, no Flash and Song; that made all the difference between home and the finest nest.

So he sank his poor head down and was as sad as before until he forgot everything and fell fast asleep.

Was he dreaming or waking? surely he must be asleep. Yet the sound was so real, it sent a thrill through him.

"Chirp, chirp!" sang a voice near by, and the leaves rustled overhead.

There on the edge of the basket, stood—his mother! his dear patient mother!

She had never ceased to watch for her little one's return.

When Flash and Song were safely warbled to sleep she would quietly fly off as far as she dared, hoping that after all she might had been mistaken in thinking she had hunted under every shrub close at hand.

How she reached the cherry tree where Chuckie's basket nest hung who knows? Perhaps the bee as she hummed around the narcissus in Stella's garden [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] had [illegible] hour.

Or else those good fairies Patience and Hope had supported the poor bird's tired wings on her long journey. However that may be, Chuckie's mother had found him at last, and she was content.

But now was he to get back to the nest in the apple-tree? His poor little wings were much too weak to carry him there.

Though at sight of his lost and longed-for mother he had raised his wings to fly away with her at once, he had yet to learn that days of fretting and confinement make little birds so feeble that even the sight of a mother cannot put strength into the young wings.

What was to be done?

The nightingale was a wise bird; so when she had looked well at Chuckie with her bright eyes, and satisfied herself that though still weak, and a little sad, he was her own dear young one, whose loss had made her care not at all how hotter the moon shone by night or the sun by day, she set herself steadily to consider how Chuckie was to be got back to the nest.

Two things were certain; she could not leave her little ones, neither could this one leave them.

She sat perched on the edge of the nest for a few minutes then suddenly [illegible] her beak, and ruffling her wings, [illegible] little bird darted into the [illegible] and returned before Chuckie could miss her, with a tempting caterpillar, which had been feasting in the crumpled leaves of a cabbage rose.

She then explained to him that he must not fret at her leaving him, for she would return every morning, and when he should be strong enough they would fly home together.

Days and weeks passed, and true as the sun's time the nightingale visited her little one.

One calm, sweet evening away they flew, and the children shed tears because they found their cage-nest empty.

The two flew safe home, and sang such a song that night and ever after, that the valley hard by Stella's home has ever since been called "Nightingale Valley."

ABOUT RATS.

THE rat has a great many peculiarities, and stories without end are told of his cunning and 'cuteness; of his penetration and forecast; o his gratitude and kindness.

Rats are very accommodating as to their food. Though they always wash after eating, and contrive to keep their persons clean, however dirty or even filthy may be the ways they travel, they are by no means particular as to their diet.

Their taste ranges from the driest dainties to the vilest garbage. In neighborhood of [illegible] and other places where bu cher's offal, and other animal refuse would otherwise [illegible] and breed fever, are kept clear of infection by the consumption of the disgusting remains by the numerous rats which harbor around.

So that, in reality, they act as scavengers, and are helpful in the matter of the public health. But they do like nice bits, and are even fond of strong drinks.

The tail of a rat comprises a larger number of bones and muscles than does the hand of a man, and while it is very useful to help the creature to spring and climb, it is brought into requisition sometimes to extract wine from bottles, which may have been left uncorked.

In this way they sometimes take "more than is good for them."

A rat is the last creature of which people in general would think of making a pet; but to most of us he is a pest and nothing less, to some he has become an amusing pet.

The cases we propose to give as instances, show that Mr. Rat, like many quadrupeds and bipeds in general, is capable of improvement.

There was living a few years ago, a man who worked hard to get a living for his numerous family as a maker of whips. He was in the habit of cutting a number of leather strips, oiling, and greasing them, and placing them in a box ready for use.

The strips frequently disappeared, one by one, none knew how.

One day, while at work in his shop he saw a large black rat poking his head out of a hole in one corner of the room. Presently he came out and made his way straight to the box where the strips of leather were kept.

He dived and almost immediately reappeared with one of the strips and made his way to his hole.

The man determined to catch the thief; so having obtained a cinder-sieve, which he propped up with a stick, and baited with some cheese, he held the string in hand and awaited the issue.

The rat soon made his appearance, smelling about, and was soon attracted to the [illegible].

Nibbling away at the nice morsel, the sieve soon fell, and Mr. Rat was caught.

The man armed himself with a heavy stick to despatch the prisoner when the sieve was lifted.

To his astonishment the rat lay quite still; then, in a few moments, he quietly walked up the man's clothes and rested on the sleeve of his coat, looking up into his face as if pleading for his life.

The whip-maker was disarmed, and decided not to kill the rat, but to see whether food placed for him every morning would not divert him from the leather strips. He put the rat down, therefore, and he quietly walked away to his hole.

Every morning bread and butter was placed for the rat's breakfast, and with due regularity he came out and partook of it, while the strips of leather remained untouched.

The creature soon became quite familiar; he would run about the shop, and even on the work bench of his master.

He would follow him to the stable, picking up the stray grains of corn that fell from the manger, taking care, however, to keep out of the way of the pony's feet.

His great delight was to lie basking in the sun in the stable window. But this he did once too [illegible].

A neighbor's dog caught sight of him one day, dashed at him through the window, gave him an ugly squeeze and a disagreeable shake, and all was over.

The dog walked away with ears and tail erect, but poor Mr. Rat's race was ended.

Rats are commonly used, it is said, by [illegible] barbarous people as food. It is said [illegible] is not at all disagreeable.

Rats are said to be very plentiful in Paris. During the siege of 1871, that proved an advantage. Holes were made in the bed of the sewers and filled in with a thick and sweet liquid. The rats, attracted by this, were lured into the holes, from which they were unable to escape, and were captured by the thousand. A rat, fat from the drain, cost twenty-five cents.

Rats are extremely prolific, and were not their enemies very numerous and destructive, they would soon overrun any house, any building, indeed any town or country, where they had once established [illegible].

When a man has not a good reason for doing a thing, he has a good reason for letting it alone.

YEARS AGO.

BY MATTHIAS BARR.

Comes a dream of a quaint old town,
  Oft my waking eyes to fill;
Through its dear streets, up and down,
  In fancy I wander still.

Ah, the merry times that I had—
  That I never again shall know—
When I was a careless lad,
  Just forty years ago.

But at length came a weary day,
  When the farewell words were said,
And I snatched, ere I sailed away,
  A kiss from the lips so red.

When the fair young face grew sad,
  And its roses forgot to blow,
For the love of a sailor-lad,
  Just forty years ago.

And the dreams of bliss, alack!
  That was never to take its flight—
They are here, for they will come back,
  In the silent hours of the night.

And tears—well, well! am I mad,
  That I babble of trifles so?
Ah, me! for the lass and the lad,
  Just forty years ago.

THE TONGUE OF WOMAN.

A man who had foolishly ventured upon a verbal contest with his wife was met, as he was retiring from the scene, by his little son, who had just begun to study grammar.

"Papa," said the child, "what part of speech is woman?" To which the father replied, "She isn't any part of speech at all, Georgy; she's the whole of it."

If this be the case, a few words about talking will not be out of place.

A youthful compositor, in setting some "copy," came to the sentence, "—— didn't say a word for an hour," the first word having been cut off in clipping from the paper where it first appeared. He took it to the foreman to supply the word.

"What shall I put in there?" he asked, when the foreman read it.

"Put in 'he,' of course; you don't suppose 'she' would fit in such a sentence as that, do you?" was the answer.

In all ages women's talk has been made a subject for ridicule. For ourselves, we believe that the sins of the tongue are committed about equally by both sexes, but it is well for women to occasionally see themselves as men see them.

Most important of all a woman's accomplishments is the ability to maintain an intelligent, vivacious conversation with family friends and guests. A woman who is a good talker, and who can talk equally well whatever may be the character of her guests, is a blessing to the world.

By nature all women are fitted to acquire this accomplishment. All women talk much; that all of them do not talk well is mainly the fault of those who have educated them.

They have not been provided with subjects of conversation, and their minds have not been trained to that alertness and that catholicity of intellectul a sympathy which are necessary conditions of conversational success in varied company. This need can and should be provided for in the education of girls.

The stories related of some ladies who were afflicted with this malady are almost incredible. Lady Hester Stanhope is perhaps one of the most remarkable instances of a being under the necessity of eternally talking.

One visitor was kept listening to her from three in the afternoon till break of day next morning. Another was treated to a discourse of such length that he fainted away from fatigue and constraint.

It is almost impossible for talkative people to avoid gossip, which was amusingly described by the child who said, "It's when nobody don't do nothing, and somebody goes and tells it."

Persons who are talkative about the business or faults—virtues are never mentioned—of their neighbors, should remember that "a dog that will fetch will also carry, and that those who bring us an evil tale about others, will probably carry away one about ourselves."

It is very easy to start false reports. Just because a woman while buying a broom wanted one with a heavy and strong handle it was reported by all the neighbors that she was in the habit of beating her husband.

"Why, Doctor," exclaimed a shallow, talkative lady, who was in the room with Dr. Johnson, but of whom he took little notice, "I believe you prefer the company of men to that of ladies."

"Madam," he replied, "I am very fond of the company of ladies; I like their beauty, I like their delicacy, and I like their silence."

"We are more gratified," says Lord Beaconsfield, "by the slight conversation of one who is often silent, than by the ceaseless stream of an uninterrupted talker." The first talks less, but he says more.

When St. Francis de Sales visited Paris, many ladies came to him for advice. On one occasion he was surrounded by a crowd of them, all talking at once, so he said:

"Mesdames, I will gladly answer all your questions, if you will answer one of mine. What is to happen in an assembly where everyone talks and no one listens?"

A few seasons ago, at a drawing room concert, those who should have been listeners very rudely became talkers. The leader of the musicians had suffered annoyance from the same cause on former occasions; so he arranged beforehand that this time, in the loudest part of the movement, at an understood signal, piano, violin, and violincello should suddenly cease.

They did so, to the consternation of the assembly, many of whom were engaged in animated conversation. Clear and loud was heard the silvery voice of a lady saying to her companion, "We always fry ours in lard."

No doubt this was valuable information, and it is well that anything so innocent should have been heard, but the speaker might have remembered that there is a time to keep silence.

A rather celebrated old French marquis held strong opinions on this subject. His earnest and reiterated advice on the topic of matrimony was concentrated chiefly on this one point. "Marry a handsome woman if you will, a rich one if you can," he used to say; "but, in any case, marry a woman who listens."

The worshiper who, by mistake, dropped into the charity-box a gold piece, and wishing to withdraw and replace it with a much smaller one, but was prevented by the priest, and then congratulating himself on his liberality, was answered, "Nay, not what you gave, but what you meant to give, was all God saw," was taught a lesson which might still be profitably learned. To be seen of men, to make a creditable escape, to gratify a foolish fancy, is the secret of much that parades under a better name. The double blessing on him that gives, and him that takes, is being widely missed, since none comes to the niggardly benefactor. It is the free-will token of gratitude, the tangible desire for others' welfare, the concrete prayer for the enlargement and vigor of the kingdom of Christ, which is in His sight precious, be it much or little.

Grains of Gold.

Work is good medicine.

To have the harvest we must sow the seed.

The proud are ever most provoked by pride.

Good reasons must, of force, give way to better.

Who enlarges his heart restricts his tongue.

Faith is the flame that lifts the sacrifice to heaven.

Self love exaggerates our faults as well as our virtues.

It is a shameful thing to be weary of inquiry when what we search for is excellent.

There is no right faith in believing what is true, unless we believe it because it is true.

The praises of others may be of use in teaching us not what we are, but what we should be.

By taking revenge a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing it over he is superior.

It we did not take pains, and were not at much expense to corrupt our nature, our nature would never corrupt us.

"No man," says Lord Bacon, "will be deficient in respect towards others who knows the value of respect to himself.

The mouth of a wise man is in his heart, the heart of a fool is in his mouth, because what he knoweth or thinketh he uttereth.

I think the first virtue is to restrain the tongue; he approaches nearest to the gods who knows how to be silent, even though he is in the right.

Femininities.

Clean piano keys with a soft rag dipped in alcohol.

One pint, heaped, of granulated sugar weighs 14 ounces.

Two teacups, well heaped, of coffee weighs one pound.

Friendship gives no privilege to make ourselves disagreeable.

When dress silk becomes wet pat it between the hands to dry quickly.

A girl's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill-manners.

Monkey and ostrich feather boas are the first fancy of the fashionable few for cold days.

Where love and wisdom drink out of the same cup in this everyday world, it is the exception.

The blush is nature's alarm at the approach of sin, and her testimony to the dignity of virtue.

In the matter of speed there is a great similarity between a flash of lightning and a bit of scandal.

Coffee and tea are rendered much more fragrant if made hot (not burnt at all) before water is poured on them.

When a woman promenades the street leading a dog, it looks as if she couldn't get anything else on a string.

Fit objects to employ the intervals of time are amongst the greatest aids to contentment that any one can possess.

When vegetables and roots are frozen let them lie in cold water for awhile till thawed. If melted by heat they will be quite spoilt.

Nancy Edgerly, of Wolfboro, N. H., is 105 years old and never had a physician but once in her life, and then threw the medicine away.

Fickleness has its rise in the experience or the fallaciousness of present pleasures, and in the ignorance of the vanity of absent pleasures.

Too many people embrace religion from the same motives that they take a companion in wedlock, not from true love of the person, but because of a large dowry.

The very best thing to clean decanters is a mixture of salt and vinegar. Put a dessertspoonful of salt in the decanter, moisten with vinegar, shake well and rinse.

Mme. Marguerite Brun, a very attractive Marseilles actress, who was recently divorced, committed suicide by opening her veins with a pair of scissors and bleeding herself to death.

About as useless a thing as there is in this world is the word "obey" in the marriage service. The bad wives won't obey, and the good ones never give their husbands occasion to command them.

If one only wished to be happy this would be readily accomplished, but we wish to be happier than other people, and this is almost always difficult, for we believe others to be happier than they are.

The winner of first prize at the recent beauty show in Spa, Belgium, has since been showered with offers of marriage. It is said that among those in the field for her hand are no less than ten marquises and a dozen counts and viscounts.

"True!" cried a lady, when reproached with the inconsistent marriage she had made, "I have often said I never would marry a parson, or a Scotchman, or a Presbyterian; but I never said I would not marry a Scotch Presbyterian parson."

Dealer: "I say, Jake, put out a sign, 'Our great G. X. P. Q. sale begins to-day.'" Jake: "G. X. P. Q. sale! Why, sir, nobody knows what that is!" Dealer: "Of course they don't, neither do I; but it'll draw like a mustard plaster. Don't forget to make the letters large and plain."

Mother: "What did young Mr. Tompkins say to you, Clara, last night, when he was trying to button your glove?" Clara, sadly: "He said that the man who would make a glove that wouldn't button easier than that ought to be shot!" Mother: "Well, I wouldn't waste any more time with him."

"The great objection I have to the house," said the new tenant, "is that I can always hear vague murmuring, caused by the people talking next door." "Well, ma'am," said the agent, "we can have the walls made thicker for you." "Thicker!" she exclaimed. "Why, then I couldn't hear anything!"

Old coins are now much used in the manufacture of jewelry. They are worn as pendants on the highly finished chains, brooches and bracelets of the present day. The combination of the very old and the very new would seem to be incongruous but the jewelers say it is quite unique and very popular.

If you compute the sum of human happiness in any given day you will find that it was composed of small attentions and kind words, which made the heart swell and stirred into health that sour, rancid film of misanthropy which is apt to coagulate upon the stream of our inward life, as surely as we live in heart apart from our fellow creatures.

Three things a lady cannot do: 1. She cannot pass a millinery shop without stopping. 2. She cannot see a piece of lace without asking the price. 3. She cannot see a baby without kissing it. A lady turns the table on the gentlemen as follows. Three things a gentleman cannot do: 1. He cannot go through the house and shut the doors after him. 2. He cannot have a shirt made to suit him. 3. He can never be satisfied with the ladies' fashions.

A miss of 18 entered the postoffice in Americus, Ga., recently, and asked the clerk to weigh a neatly wrapped parcel. When it was returned to her she carefully unfolded it, revealing a half hundred old letters, a ring, some faded flowers and a photograph of a young man. An onlooker reports that "her bright eyes were suffused with tears as she cast a long, lingering glance at her treasures, and with a gulp in her throat handed them over to be mailed."

Masculinities.

A hand, horse measure, is 4 inches.

A span is ten and seven-eighth inches.

A man without enemies is of little value.

Learn to speak in a gentle tone of voice.

King Otto, of Bavaria, thinks himself a black cat.

Doing good is the only certain happy act of one's life.

The art of happiness is the art of limiting one's wants.

People become noted, but not famous, for peculiarities.

Some will find fault where others would never think of looking for it.

Learn to say kind and pleasant things whenever opportunity offers.

Confess ignorance in regard to subjects on which you are uninformed.

He who gives way to angry invective, leads us to suppose his cause is bad.

Egotism wouldn't be a very bad fault if a man would only keep it to himself.

Never speak or act in anger until you have prayed over your words or acts.

When a man sees double, is it evidence that his glasses are too strong for him?

A babe in the house is a well spring of pleasure; but twins—twins are a deluge.

The happiness of love is in action; its test is what one is willing to do for others.

President Carnot, of France, was taught the handicraft of a carpenter in his youth.

Why was Adam of more consequence than Eve?—Because Eve was merely a side issue.

If thou would'st please the ladies, thou must endeavor to make them pleased with themselves.

There is no fit search after truth which does not, first of all, begin to live the truth which it knows.

Judging by their doctor's bulletins, all the great men who fall sick continue to improve until they die.

The three things most difficult are to keep a secret, to forget an injury, and to make good use of leisure.

The reason why many men fail in life is because they sit down on the stairway of success and expect to slide up.

There seems to be a contradiction of terms in calling a sick man a patient. Generally he is anything but patient.

Don't buy what you don't want; use every hour to the best advantage, and study to make even leisure hours useful.

If a burnt child dreads the fire, why does a person who has been singed by Cupid's torch so often have a lingering regard for the old flame?

I think the first virtue is to restrain the tongue; he approaches nearest to the gods who knows how to be silent, even though he is in the right.

A hard intellect is a hammer that can do nothing but crush. Hardness of intellect is sometimes no less harmful and hateful than hardness of heart.

No man is so truly great, whatever other titles to eminence he may have, as when, after taking an erroneous step, he resolves to "tread that step backward."

Love is not a fire which can be confined within the breast; everything betrays us—the voice, silence, the eyes; and the fires imperfectly covered only burst forth the more.

Wife, to unhappy husband: "I wouldn't worry, John; it doesn't do any good to borrow trouble." Husband: "Borrow trouble? Great Cæsar, my dear, I ain't borrowing trouble; I've got it to loan."

"I'll do better next time," said a man who had been drunk when it was necessary for him to be sober. "Oh, no," said his employer; "you will not do at all. Some one else will be doing in your place."

The pin factories of America, England, France, Holland and Germany are said to turn out 75,000,000 pins daily, but nine times out of ten a man has to pick all the stuffing out of a pin-cushion before he can find one.

It is not in good taste for a man to wear much jewelry. A watch chain, studs, sleeve links and one ring are quite sufficient, and these should be plain and handsome. As to clothes, go to a good tailor and choose quiet patterns.

Wife: "What would you do if a lady got into a horsecar when all the seats were occupied?" Husband: "Look out of the window, to be sure. Do you think I would be impolite enough to embarrass a woman by staring her out of countenance."

Dr. Tanner, who won glory a few years ago by breaking the fasting record, is now proposing to give his soul a test for 60 days, having his body sealed meanwhile in an air-tight casket. At the end of the two months he promises to come out of the coffin just as well as when he was boxed up.

The Major, who has just proposed: "I am not very old, Miss Daisy. King Solomon was over a hundred, you know, when he married, and I'm sure he made a good husband." Daisy: "Yes; but he had so many wives at a time that the—er—care of him was nicely distributed, don't you know?"

New Chicago pastor: "Of what State is your husband a native, Mrs. Veneer?" Mrs. Veneer, of Chicago: "Connecticut, I believe, sir." "Do you know in what part of the State he was born?" "I don't think he was ever born, sir, I so often hear him speak of himself to others as a self-made man."

Recent Book Issues.

Hubbard Bros., publishers, this city, have issued another of their splendid holiday books for children. This is a companion to those treating of "Queer People with Wings and Stings," "Queer People with Paws and Claws," etc., and while for pictures and reading it must be hard to excel them, we think "Queer People, Goblins, Giants, Merrymen and Monarchs," almost does it. Palmer Cox is again the artist author, and the whole get up of the book is superior.

Two artistic and highly tasteful holiday features are "Thro' Wood and Field with Tennyson" and "Under the Greenwood Tree with Shakspeare," the selections and illustrations being by Wadsworth Wadsworth. Each consists of a series of magnificently drawn and colored pictures illustrative of the chosen texts. We may say that finer works, as regards artistic treatment and general beauty, could scarce be gotten up. Dodd, Mead & Co., publishers, New York. For sale by Lippincott. Price $1.25.

"A Frozen Dragon" is the title and opening chapter of a most entertainingly written and beautifully illustrated book on natural history, by Charles F. Holden. The author has chosen many of the animal, fish, bird, and insect oddities in their respective worlds, and told of their lives, habits, and other details in a manner that leaves nothing to be desired by the reader, old or young, on the ground of interest, simplicity and pleasure. It starts out with a good purpose and does it well. Dodd, Mead & Co., publishers, New York. For sale by Lippincott. Price, $2 00.

While there is probably no subject of observation or conversation more drawn upon than that of the weather, the number of books treating of the same matter—at least of a popular and entertaining kind—is very small. Therefore, a work just given out by Gen. A. W. Greely, the Chief of the U. S. Meteorological Office, supplies a large and long-existing want. It is entitled "American Weather," and is devoted to everything that can properly be put under that extensive head, including chapters on such specialties as Blizzards, Tornadoes, Hot and Cold Waves, etc. The excellent descriptive text is made clearer by a large number of fine maps and engravings. So far as is known the laws of the phenomena of the seasons are given in a plain way. As becomes its matter and treatment, the volume is well printed and bound. Dodd, Mead & Co., publishers, New York. For sale by Porter & Coates. Price, $2 00.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The English Illustrated Magazine for November gives the concluding paper of the romantically and historically interesting series by F. Ryland, in "The Morte d'Arthur," which is finely illustrated. Elizabeth Balch contributes another profusely illustrated paper giving "Glimpses of Old English Homes," this time the subject being Chiswick House. The frontispiece of this number is a splendid copy of Sir Joshua Reynold's picture of the Duchess of Devonshire. J. Ashby-Sterry contributes an illustrated article of peculiar interest, entitled "Charles Dickens in Southwark." There are instalments of F. Marion Crawford's new serial, "Sant' Ilario," and Stanley J. Weyman's "The House of the Wolf." Macmillan & Co., New York.

The Quiver for December, beginning a new volume, opens with a colored frontispiece, and contains many excellent articles. Perhaps the article that will attract the widest attention is the one on the life and every-day work of London's famous preacher, the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. A new serial is begun in this number, called "An Amicable Arrangement, by Annie S. Swan. Another interesting biographical article is "A New York Philanthropist," which gives a sympathetic account of the great work of Henry Bergh in the defence of the defenseless beast against the brute man. Among other highly attractive articles is a very carfully prepared paper on "Whittier's Religious Poems," by a member of the Society of Friends. There are the usual number of Theological papers and descriptive articles, with stories and poetry and a supply of "Short Arrows" of every variety. *The Quiver* is steadily and deservedly gaining ground. Cassell & Co., publishers, New York.

The contents of the November *Wide Awake* are varied and attractive. "The Little Captive Chief" is a touching and true Indian story. "An Evening at Carlisle" describes an entertainment given by Indian girls, and pleads eloquently for the education of all our young Indians. In Mrs. Upton's "Children of the White House," a chapter is given concerning "The Household of John Quincy Adams," full of anecdotes and fresh historical matter, and valuable for its twenty-seven illustrations. Another beautiful article is entitled "Some Children of Modern Painters," and gives reproductions of many childhood pictures by English and French painters. Among the other articles are "The Wild Horseman, Count Chandor," complete stories by Hawthorne Lathrop, C. S. Messinger, and others, the final chapters of the two serials, an instructive article on "Ye Knightly Game of Chess," by Harlan H. Ballard, and much other interesting reading in the shape of sketches, poetry, etc. D. Lothrop Co., publishers, Boston.

STARCH grows sticky—common powders have a vulgar glare. Pozzoni's is the only Complexion Powder fit for use.

QUARRELS OF THE CHINESE.

Among a population of such unexampled density, where families of great size are crowded together—three or four generations, with all the wives and children under one roof—occasions for quarrel are all pervasive.

The sons' wives and children are prolific source of domestic unpleasantness. Each wife tries to make her husband feel that in the community of property he is the one who is worsted; the elder wife tyrannyses over the younger ones, and the latter rebel.

The instinct of a Westerner with a grievance is to get redress straightway; that of the Oriental is, first of all, to let the world at large know that he has a grievance.

A Chinaman who has been wronged will go upon the street and roar at the top of his voice. The art of hallooing, as it is called in Chinese, is closely associated with that of reviling, and the Chinese women are such adepts in both as to justify the aphorism that what they have lost in their feet they have gained in their tongues.

Much of this abusive language is regarded as a sort of spell or curse.

A man who has had the heads removed from his field of millet stands at the entrance of the alley which leads to his dwelling and pours forth volumes of abuses upon the unknown offender.

This has a double value—first as a means of notifying to the public his loss and consequent fury, thus freeing his mind; and, secondly, as aprophylactic tending to securing him against the repetition of the offense.

Women indulge in the practice of "reviling the street" from the flat roofs of the houses, and shriek away for hours at a time until their voices fail.

A abuse delivered in this way attracts little or no attention, and one sometimes comes on a man or woman thus screeching themselves red in the face with not an auditor in sight.

If the day is a hot one the reviler bawls as long as he (or she) has breath, then proceeds to refresh himself with a season of fanning, and afterwards returns to the attack with renewed fury.

A fight in which only two parties are concerned, usually resolves into mere hair pulling; the combatants when separated by their friends shout back to each other maledictions and defiance.

The quarrel between Laban and Jacob, recorded in the thirty-first chapter of Genesis, when the latter stole away from Laban's house, is a "photographically accurate account of the truly Oriental performance which the Chinese call making an uproar."

HAIR OILS.—The frequent use of "oils," "bear's grease," "arcturine," "pomades," "lustrals," "rosemary washes," and such like upon the hair is a practice not to be commended.

All of these oils and greasy pomades are manufactured from lard-oil and simple lard. No "bear's grease" is ever used. If it could be procured readily, it should not be applied to the hair, as it is the most rank and filthy of all the animal fats.

There are many persons whose hair is naturally very dry and crisp; and in most families there is a want of some innocent wash or dressing which may be used moderately and judiciously.

The mixture which may be regarded as the most agreeable, cleanly, and safe, is composed of Cologne spirit and pure castor-oil.

The following is a good formula: Pure, fresh castor-oil, two ounces; Cologne spirit (ninety-five per cent.) sixteen ounces. The oil is freely dissolved in the spirit, and the solution is clear and beautiful. It may be perfumed in any way to suit the fancy of the purchaser.

The oil of the castor-bean has for many years been employed to dress hair; both among savage and civilized nations; and it possesses properties admirably adapting it to this use.

It does not dry rapidly; and no gummy offensive residuum remains, after taking on all the chemical changes which occur in all oils upon exposure to light and air. It is best diffused by the agency of strong spirit, in which it dissolves. The alcohol or spirit rapidly evaporates, and does not in the slighest degree injure the texture of the hair.

This preparation for dressing the hair of children and ladies will meet nearly or quite all requirements. A cheap and very good dressing is made by dissolving four ounces of perfectly pure dense glycerine in twelve ounces of rosewater. Glycerine evaporates only at high temperature; and therefore under its influence the hair is retained in a moist condition for a long time.

A WESTERN paper on, "popping the question" sagely remarks: Do not try to make her believe that you are a better fellow than you are. If she gives you her heart it is not because you are the noblest of men. If we were loved for our deserts only we should all die born bachelors; it is in spite of your defects that she loves you, and it would do you no good to trick her if you could.

AN obstinate man does not hold opinions, but they hold him.

SALVATION OIL relieves instantly and cures speedilyr ll bodily pain. Price only 25 cents.

VERDICT of the coroner's jury. "Died from want"—of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. 25 cents.

RISING IN THE WORLD.—You should bear constantly in mind that nine-tenths of us are, from the very nature and necessities of the world, born to earn our livelihood by the sweat of the brow. What reason have we then to presume that our children are not to do the same? If they be, as now and then one will be, endowed with extraordinary powers of mind, those powers may have an opportunity of developing themselves; and if they never have that opportunity the harm is not very great to us or to them.

Nor does it hence follow that the descendants of laborers are always to be laborers. The path upwards is steep and long, to be sure. Industry, care, skill, excellence in the present parent lay the foundation of a rise under more favorable circumstances for the children.

The children of these take another rise; and by and by the descendants of the present laborer become gentlemen. This is the natural progress. It is by attempting to reach the top by a single leap that so much misery is produced in the world; and the propensity to make such attempt has been cherished and encouraged by the strange projects that we have witnessed of late years for making the laborers virtuous and happy by giving them what is called education.

The education which I speak of consists in bringing up children to labor with steadiness, with care, and with skill; to show them how to do as many useful things as possible, to teach them how to do them all in the best manner; to set them an example in industry, sobriety, cleanliness, and neatness; to make all these habitual to them, so that they shall never be liable to fall into the contrary; to let them always see a good living proceeding from labor, and thus to remove from them the temptation to get goods of others by violent or fraudulent means, and to keep far from their minds all the inducements to hypocrisy and deceit.

CHEAP PLEASURES.—Our cheapest pleasures are those which can be grasped on all sides. We can have them in exchange for a smile, a kind word, and a uniform cheerfulness.

There are people on this earth who religiously expect pleasures and happiness will come to them in the same way that old-time rigor used to try and bring order to the household and education in the school-room by stern, unflinching discipline, and a corporal punishment that has been modified from beating with the rod to lashing with the tongue.

Pleasures and happiness are something which cannot be forced by any such vixenish desire for their possession. If people would have pleasures they must themselves be pleasant.

If they would have sunshine they must themselves come out from their clouds of fault-finding and peevishness and scolding.

If things don't go just right, it makes them no nearer so to give them a Xantippean blessing, and make all the finer and sensitive feelings quake with apprehension.

On the contrary, we can only coax pleasures by gentler wands of incantation. If we want its cheerful presence, we must remember that like attracts like.

If there are smiles, sunshine, and flowers about us, let us not grasp them with a miser's fist and lock them up in our hearts. No; rather let us take them and scatter them about us, in the cot of the widow, among the groups of children, in the crowded mart, where men of business congregate, in our families, and everywhere.

We can make the wretched, happy, the discontented cheerful, the afflicted resigned, at an exceedingly cheap rate. Who will refuse to do it?

ROYAL ETIQUETTE.—There is more royalty in Africa than in any other place in the world. Every separate tribe of natives has its monarch, and every monarch is absolute. Distinctions of the most trivial character are cultivated and encouraged. Travelers passing from one village to another find the language and customs changed in some particular.

Here is the description of a court which may be taken as a sample of fashions and manners: The king's clothing consists of a red cloth, sugar-loaf cap, a few brass rings upon his arms, coral necklace, and a yellow silken loose robe. His wrinkled forehead shows that he has had trouble in his time. He is very civil to his chiefs, bending to each, after they make obeisance, a piece of kolah nut.

He sent to each of us the same. All who approach the throne, the moment they enter the open space in front—rigidly kept clear—double their right hand into a fist, and shake it at the king. This, which is a signal of assault and battery here, is, in Africa, correct court etiquette. It means, "I hope that I see you strong and well, O king, like unto my fist and my arm."

A PORTLAND groom got a very novel reception returning from his wedding trip. He was received with outstretched hands by a vast army of creditors, including the clergymen who tied the knot. The young man gave a check to a chum to pay all the expenses of the marriage, but the chum, instead of putting the money to its intended use, went off and had a "good time" with it.

I THINK half the troubles for which men go slouching in prayer to God are caused by their intolerable pride. Many of our cares are but a morbid way of looking at our privileges.

ADMONISH your friends privately but praise them openly.

R. R. R.

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs
Inflammation, Sciatica,
Lumbago, Rheumatism,
Neuralgia, Headache,
Toothache, Influenza,
Difficult Breathing,

CURED BY

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

In cases of LUMBAGO and RHEUMATISM, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF NEVER FAILS to give immediate ease.

The following was received by mail through W. H. Blyth, Druggist, Mt. Pleasant, Texas.

MR. W. H. BLYTH—Sir: "In compliance with your request to furnish you with the results of my knowledge and experience with Dr. Radway's R. R., in reply I can state that I have been using Radway's Remedies since 1852. I know the Ready Relief to be more reliable for Colds, Pleurisy, Pneumonia and diseases growing out of colds; for Cuts, Bruises, Sprains, Rheumatism and Aches, and pains generally, than any remedy I have ever known tried. From my personal knowledge of the Radway Remedies, I think them all superior to any remedies of which I have any knowledge, for all the ills for which they are recommended.

Respectfully,
T. H. SKIDMORE,
Pastor Green Hill Presbyterian Church.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE SAFEST AND MOST CERTAIN

PAIN REMEDY

In the world, that instantly stops the most excruciating pains. It never fails to give ease to the sufferer of pain from whatever cause arising; it is truly the great

CONQUEROR OF PAIN!

And has done more good than any known remedy.

For headache (whether sick or nervous), toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, sprains, bruises, bites of insects, stiff neck, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

Inflammation of the Kidneys, Inflammation of the Bladder, Inflammation of Bowels, Congestion of the Lungs, Sore Throat, Difficult Breathing, Croup, Catarrh, Influenza, Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Cold Chills, Ague Chills, Chilblains, Frost-bites.

The application of the Ready Relief to the part or parts where the difficulty or pain exists will afford ease and comfort.

INTERNALLY, a half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic, Flatulency, and all Internal Pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

Fifty cents per bottle. Sold by druggists.

DR. RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS

The Great Liver Remedy.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen. DR. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, loss of appetite, headache, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or, deleterious drugs.

PERFECT DIGESTION

Will be accomplished by taking Radway's Pills. By so doing

SICK HEADACHE

Dyspepsia, Foul Stomach, Biliousness, will be avoided, and the food that is eaten contribute its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fulness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fulness of weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flashes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

DYSPEPSIA.

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS are a cure for this complaint. They restore strength to the stomach, and enable it to perform its function. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract diseases.

"Your Pills have done me more good (for Dyspepsia) than all the doctor's medicine that I have taken." ROBERT A. PAGE.
NEWPORT, KY.

"For many years had been afflicted with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, but got your Pills and they made a perfect cure. WILLIAM NOONAN.
BLANCHARD, MICH.

"For over three years I have been troubled with Dyspepsia, and found no relief until I used your Pills. They have cured me." THOMAS McCULLA.
OMAHA, NEB.

"Used to suffer greatly from biliousness and Sick Headache, until I tried your Pills. They are the best I ever tried." LOUIS COSTA.
CAMDEN, N. J.

Price, 25 cents per box. Sold by all druggists.

Send a letter stamp to DR. RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren street, New York. Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Be sure and ask for RADWAY'S, and see that the name "RADWAY" is on what you buy.

Humorous.

MATRIMONIAL.

[Married people will please read as written. Single ones can read the first line, then the third, and then the second, and finally the fourth in each verse.]

That man must lead a happy life,
Who's freed from matrimonial chains;
Who is directed by his wife
Is sure to suffer for his pains.

Adam could find no solid peace,
When Eve was given for a mate—
Until he saw a woman's face,
Adam was in a happy state.

In all the female face appears
Hypocrisy, deceit and pride;
Truth, darling of a heart sincere,
Ne'er known in woman to reside.

What tongue is able to unfold
The falsehood that in woman dwells;
The worth in woman we behold
Is almost imperceptible.

Cursed be the foolish man, I say,
Who changes from his singleness;
Who will not yield to woman's sway
Is sure of perfect blessedness.

—U. N. NONE.

High-toned men—The tenor singers.

In order to carve out a fortune one must be sharp.

A matter of some weight—Proposing to a 250-pound widow.

A touching sight—A small boy investigating a newly painted door.

"John, what would you do if I were to die?" "Bury you, my dear."

"The power behind the throne"—The foot that kicks you down stairs.

The Arab who invented alcohol died 900 years ago, but his spirit still lives.

How to keep yourself dry—Eat freely of red herrings and salt beef and don't drink.

Granger: "So they ain't nothin' here fur me. Wal, stranger, is ther any other good post-office in town?"

Bloboon: "Don't you think that Dempsey rather plays the fool?" Poplnjay. "No, sir; I think he works at the job."

In spite of all that cynics say, a good many people do marry for love—though very often the love that influences them is love of money.

The proprietor of a bone mill announces that "parties sending their own bones to be ground will find their orders attended to with punctuality and despatch."

Fond husband: "My dear, why did you accept me the first time I proposed instead of being coy and reluctant?" Wife: "Because, pet, I had reached that age when I could not afford to run any risk."

At drill a soldier spits in the ranks. Sergeant of manœuvres, indignantly: "The fellow that spat, four days in the guard-house. There shall be no spitting in the ranks. We are not in a parlor here."

An exasperating editor being threatened with a coat of tar and feathers said in his next issue: "The people of this town may break into somebody's henroost and steal the feathers, but we know that they are too stingy to buy the tar."

Omnibus conductor, to countryman: "If you saw him picking the gentleman's pocket why didn't you interfere, instead of letting him get away?" Countryman. "I saw that sign up there, 'Beware of Pickpockets,' an' I was afeard to!"

"It's a desp'r'te thing," said old Joe, "a desp'r'te thing! That ar' young couple, who've been billin' an' makin' eyes at one another for a month, have now gone to the minister and got a permit to see if they can't keep it up for a lifetime."

A country paper says that during a trial in court a young lad, who was called as one of the witnesses, was asked if he knew the obligation of an oath, and where he would go if he told a lie. He said he supposed he should go where all the lawyers went.

Office boy, to editor: "There's a mad old gent outside, sir, wat wants to see you." Editor: "Did he say what he wanted?" Office boy: "Yes, sir; he said that you printed a poem that his son writ, an' he says he'll have satisfaction or go to a hospital."

First bootblack: "What did they put those pennies on old Skinflint's eyes for after he was dead?" Second bootblack: "To see if he was dead." "How can they tell by that?" "Why, don't you see if he was alive he would make a grab for the pennies."

Doctor, passing a stonecutter's yard: "Good morning, Mr. Jones. Hard at work, I see. I suppose you finish your gravestones as far as 'In Memory of' and then wait for some one to die, eh?" Stonecutter: "Why, yes; unless somebody's sick and you're doctoring 'em; then I keep right on."

"Mr. Scrapem," said the hostess to an amateur violinist at an evening gathering, "you play the violin, do you not?" "Yes, after a fashion, you know," was the modest reply. "How nice!" murmured half the company. "Did you bring your violin with you?" "No, I did not." "How nice!" murmured the other half of the company in fervent unison.

"Adolphus, d'ye know that I am a little vexed at Miss Simmons?" "What happened, Arthur, old boy?" "Well, you know I pride myself on my singing. We were at the piano. 'I'll sing one more song and then go home,' I said." "Was it late?" "About midnight." "And what did she say?" "She said, 'Can't you go home first?'" "And did you?" "Yes, Adolphus. I tell you I'm a little vexed about it."

THE MODEL HUSBAND.—The model husband, on a week day, walks out with his wife and is not afraid of a milliner's shop. He even has "change" when asked for it, and never alludes to it afterwards.

He is not above carrying a large paper parcel, or even holding the baby on his lap in the car. He runs on first to knock at the door when it rains. He goes to bed first in cold weather. He allows his mother-in-law to stop at the house three or four weeks at a time.

He believes in hysterics, and is melted with a tear, and never complains if the butter outranks him at the table. He patches up a quarrel with a silk dress, and drives away the sulks with a trip somewhere. He never flies out about his buttons or brings home friends to supper.

He buys his wife a sewing-machine, and hires a woman to work it. To save his wife trouble, he buys all his clothes ready-made, and never lets them smell of tobacco.

He never invades the kitchen, nor opens the windows of the parlor when the sun shines, and is innocent of latch keys. He lets the family go to the seaside every summer, while he remains at home with one knife and fork, sits down in a broad holland chair, sleeps on a sheetless bed, and has an aged char woman to wait on him.

He goes down on Saturday, taking with him the clean linen, and returns on Monday bringing back with him all the dirty clothes.

He pays the housekeeping money without a suspicion, and shuts his eyes to the "sundries." He is easy and affectionate, keeping the wedding anniversary punctually; never complaining if dinner is not ready; making the breakfast himself if no one is down; tends upon her when sick, and, to cover all, promises if she should die, never to marry again

---

WHAT HATH HE DONE?—A man passes for all he is worth. Very idle is all curiosity concerning other people's estimate of us, and idle is all fear of remaining unknown.

If a man know that he can do anything—that he can do it better than anyone else—he has a pledge of the acknowledgment of the fact by all persons.

The world is full of judgment days, and into every assembly that man enters, in every action he attempts, he is gauged and stamped. "What hath he done?" is the divine question which searches men, and transpierces every false reputation.

THE USES OF PAPER.—Interesting articles might be written upon the raw material now used in the manufacture of paper. In Australia, the husks of corn are not only made into paper but into clothing, and a good article of food is also produced from them. Paper clothing is also made in China and Japan, where a good coat can be made for ten cents, and a suit of clothing for about twenty-five cents. In Germany, paper napkins are now introduced; the cost of them is a trifle, and they can, after having been once used, be thrown into the common stock to be worked over again.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a recipe which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren St., New York City, will receive the recipe free of charge.

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PHILADELPHIA, November 12, 1888.

THE 50-CENT STUFFS AT A COUPLE OF COUNTERS. More than two hundred and fifty styles and colorings. All-wool, good weights and designs as rich perhaps as you'll see in the costliest goods. Many of them were 60 and 65c since frost; none that wouldn't be dir value at more than half a dollar.

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Serge, broken hair-line cluster stripes, 50c, four styles.

Serge, graduated cluster stripes, 62c.

40 inch Serge, 2 styles, hair lines ¼ and ⅜ inches apart, 62c. Scarce; desirable, and worth 75c as the market goes.

42-inch cloth in checks and plaids, 75c; 4 styles. A little finer, $1.

Stripes ombre stripes and checks, with plain to match, $1c.

GLANCE AT A FLIGHT OF DAINTY HANDKERCHIEFS for Women that has just lighted on the counters. Sheer, clear and as gracefully beautiful as if touched by fairy fingers. Sheers of silk and airiness of a spider's web. Not overloaded with embroidery—the white snowy as their own Swiss mountain tops. These begin at $1.38 (commonly $2.50) and run to $8.50. Some of the others:

Irish Linen, scalloped and embroidered, or hemstitched and embroidered, pure white, 25c to $1.50.

Plain white, hemstitched, 4 to 25c.

Printed, hemstitched, 75c a dozen.

Printed and embroidered hemstitched, 12½c each.

Embroidered and hemstitched, 12½c each.

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Men's three-quarter, hemstitched, ½ and ⅝-inch hems, plain or printed, $1.50 a dozen.

A special importation of Men's three-quarter hand hemstitched Handkerchiefs; very scarce goods, $6, $7.50 and $9 a dozen.

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And we've only heard the first note of the Handkerchief song.

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For her special fitness for the duties of this office, Mrs. De Saussure receives the most emphatic endorsement of the Institute.

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Mrs. De Saussure will be at her residence, as above, after September 1st, where she will be pleased to meet the parents of pupils who wish to apply for membership of her family.

Meanwhile she may be addressed care of Packer Collegiate Institute, Brooklyn, New York.

Mrs. DeSaussure cites, by permission, the following

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INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE to the PIANO or ORGAN.

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords to accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

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The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. (Postage stamps, 5's, taken.) For Ten Cents extra a music book, containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,

726 SANSOM ST., PHILADELPHIA.

Latest Fashion Phases.

The prevalence of Directoire styles is likely to have a great influence on mantles, for as long as the weather permits the wearing of redingote costumes out of doors mantles will be dispensed with, or left to the middle-aged and elderly, for whom very few new styles are invented.

There is therefore nothing very novel in the vetements for the demi-saison; the large, loose mantles, that envelope the figure and serve equally to hide its elegance or its want of grace, will be used only as wraps and travelling cloaks; indeed, many ladies are already cutting off the long, straight sleeves a little below the waist and turning them under as rolled sleeves, or else they remodel them as long hanging sleeves detached from the mantle, and with a large opening in front.

A favorite style of vetement for demi-saison wear with costumes in other than Directoire styles is the triple pelerine made of the dress material. Cloth is the fabric best suited for these pelerines, and the capes, three or sometimes even four in number, are cut out at the edge in saw-teeth scallops.

If the material is not suitable for this kind of treatment, each cape is bordered with a satin piping or binding. The neck is finished with a ruche or turn-down collar, and the pelerine is fastened at the neck with ribbon strings.

Little hooded vetements are also popular, the shape of the mantle is of comparatively little consequence; its elegance lies in the hood, which varies in shape, but is always lined with silk and coquettishly finished off.

Visites are made of velvet and of broche woolen fabrics, with pointed ends in front, and turned under sleeves; the back is short in the centre, but falls in points, almost as long as the mantilla ends, on each side; the trimmings consist of bands of feather or fur, sometimes combined with passementerie drop fringes.

The redingote style of costume admits of sufficient variety to ensure its vitality for some time to come, and as it is extremely well suited to rich and rather heavy fabrics, and demands the very best cut and style on the part of the dressmaker, its popularity is likely to be enduring; it is not adapted for cheap materials, and is not therefore likely to be vulgarized very quickly.

A good model for an ordinary walking costume has a plain skirt of ash-gray faille. The redingote is of woolen material in the same color with shot red and gray stripes. It is open in front to the chest, and then buttoned down the front nearly to the knees; the corsage shows a plastron of faille, and is finished off with revers and a turned-down collar of the same.

The easily-fitting coat sleeves have deep plain paroments of faille, with a row of buttons on the outside. The wide sash is of shot gray and red surah, and is tied on the left side, the long ends are drawn into gray and red beaded cups, and fall nearly to the edge of the redingote, which is just a trifle shorter than the skirt. The whole dress is in a quiet ladylike style, and could be easily carried out in other colors and materials.

In another costume the redingote is fastened diagonally from the right shoulder to the left hip under a drapery, or revers of the underskirt material, which is almost invariably either plain or shot silk.

Where the redingote opens on the left side the skirt is finely pleated, but the front is plain, and the back in wide pleats. In many models the redingote is fastened on the hips by a metal clasp, and a second clasp joins the front and back over the panel half-way down.

A folded sash crosses the front from the upper clasp, and falls in knotted ends on the right side. The sleeves are of either material; in some models they are of the woolen fabric of the redingote, in others they are of silk, pleated on the outside of the arm, and finished off with a bias cut waist-band matching the redingote.

A much richer toilette, with a redingote made more in the style of the riding costumes worn by the ladies in the reign of Louis XIV., has the wide pleated tablier of white surah mounted on a white silk foundation skirt, and a waistcoat with long flaps and side pockets of white satin richly embroidered with gold.

The redingote, open in a straight line all the way down, and plain at the sides, but with very full pleats at the back is of green velvet, finished off round the edges with a double satin piping. The turned-down collar and paroments are bordered in the same way with green satin pipings.

Some exceedingly pretty house toilettes are made also with redingotes, but more fanciful styles, or else such as more closely resemble the dresses of the First Empire, are adopted for these, one charming dress has a plain full skirt of white spotted foulard, and tunic and corsage of soft thin silk in the pale shade of green now fashionable.

The tunic is an over-skirt open on the right to show the white under-skirt, with a plain front mounted on the waist with a few scanty gathers, a little more fullness on the left side, and the back slightly draped. The side of the tablier, where it opens, and the edge are richly embroidered with green silk and gold and also silver thread.

The full bodice opens over an embroidered plastron, which also opens in a point over folds of white gauze, and is open with an embroidered turned-down collar. A corselet band of green surah starts from the side seams and crossed in front, the left side ending on the right above the white skirt in a rosette. The sleeves are rather full, with embroidered epaulets and waist-bands.

This forms an elegant dinner toilette, and a companion to it is of silver gray sicilienne; the plain skirt is bordered in front with a pinked-out ruche and draped with ecru lace. The redingote has short open fronts; but long coat-tails at the sides and back; the under-bodice is draped with lace and finished off with a wide folded band of sicilienne. The large revers and the bands terminating the three-quarter length sleeves, are embroidered with silver.

Flower foulards are much used by young ladies for simple dinner dresses. A pretty and quaint toilette is of white foulard with Pompadour sprays. The full skirt is mounted with a band of gauging and slightly draped at the back, and finished off round the edge with a puffing, put on with a pleated heading.

The full bodice is gauged at the neck and waist, the wide corselet sash of white moire ribbons crosses in front, and falls in long loops and ends on the right side. The puffed elbow sleeves are finished off with bands and bows of moire ribbon, and the collar of the same is fastened at the back with a large bow without ends.

These wide ribbon collar bands, tied in a big bow without ends at the back, are becoming a fashionable accompaniment to the wide Directoire sashes, with bands and bows on the sleeves to correspond.

Travelling costumes are chiefly made in shades of beige, gray, and brown in very plain styles; many have pleated skirts and well-fitting redingotes, and are worn without jackets; the fronts are fastened with two large buttons, showing the waistcoat above and beneath, and are ornamented with revers.

Jackets are trimmed with brandenburgh, braid, tabs, and pleated basques, and some have pleated epaulets to match.

Bodices, with pleated basques and pleated coat-tails at the back, are also much worn, with leather belts fastened with metal buckles, and ornamented with metal designs.

Embroidery of various kinds and fine braiding are likely to be extremely fashionable, as a consequence of the prevalence of Directoire styles. The tablier, if plain, which is the mode generally adopted, is not only of rich material, but embroidered in a more or less elaborate manner.

If of cloth a light color is chosen, and a handsome design is worked all over it from the foot to the waist, with black, gold, or silver or steel braid, or with braid in a rather darker color than the ground, but corresponding with the redingote.

Odds and Ends.

FANCY WORK FOR INVALIDS.

Many readers of THE POST who are confined for a time to their rooms find it difficult to choose fancy work which is easy to do while they are lying down, perhaps in a darkened room, and yet which will look well when completed.

Those ladies whose taste and capabilities render them fond of cross-stitch, need never lack employment. With many this work is popular for children's dresses and aprons. Landscapes, flowers or figures may be worked in many colors of cotton. The work is known as Broderie *Russe*, and as such, patterns for it can be bought.

Holbein work should be so managed that the patterns is as regular on the reverse as on the right side of the work; linen is the correct material to use as a foundation. A good effect may, however, be obtained by embroidering Holbein stitch on cross-stitch material.

Red cotton is the most effective, and as a rule washes best; brown and gold cottons, when carefully shaded, are more uncommon, and look especially well on cream-colored foundation.

Cross and Holbein stitches are effective when judiciously mingled, and are suitable for the decoration of many articles, amongst which might be mentioned mats, toilet sets, brush and comb and nightdress sachets, washstand backs, towels, bed spreads, pillowshams, quilts, blinds and chairbacks.

Among smaller articles might be suggested trimmings for baskets, brackets and bookcovers, slips for dinner-table or sideboard, and bags for balls of wool.

Felt work is too well known to need recommendation. In perforated cardboard, too, many cheap, pretty trifles can be easily made. The coarse silver sheets are useful for flower-pot covers, wall pockets, or spill cases.

A piece of perforated card stuck upon the top of the lid of a box, and afterwards ornamented with a "transfer" turns a commonplace receptable into a very ornamental one. The card must be fine for this purpose, or the transfer will slip too much through the holes.

Two sheets of cardboard (perforated) cut exactly the same size and worked, will make a pretty case for gloves or handkerchiefs, according to size and shape. The cards should be laced down the backs with colored ribbons and fastened bows of the same.

A net bag with sachet powder or lavender sewn in it, may be folded in cardboard, and tied up with ribbons in a similar way, only there should be no bows which will come untied. These sachets may be made the shape of a cracker or bolster by rolling the card round them; also thin silk may replace the net around the scent. This silk must be vivid in color, or it will not show through the holes.

Patchwork is interesting to invalids. By this I do not mean squares and cubes sewn together merely as contrasts may suggest themselves to the worker, but quilts and bedspreads which are in their way quite works of art.

The centre is a large shield or diamond (padded or embroidered probably) of some conspicuous color, while all around are arranged rows of carefully shaded and selected colors, each row being different to the other in color size and material. A handsome geometrical border should be sewn around.

Scrapbook making scarcely needs mention as an amusement; upon a bed-table the work basket, holland, etc., may be arranged, and afterwards a selection of scraps, pictures, paste, scissors, etc., can take their place.

Those who do not care to make holland books, should choose old well-bound catalogues which make splendid scrap-books for children. All the letterpress should be covered by the pictures, and any on the covers concealed by colored scraps.

Those who are invalided always prefer a greater number of these cheap, homely books to a less number of expensive ones, which probably contain fewer pictures and which must be treated with more care. Interesting anecdotes and short illustrated snippings, may with advantage be mixed with the pictures, especially if they can be chosen so as to suit the taste of the future receiver of the book. Never cut off the superscription of any woodcut; it adds so much to the interest of the scrapbook.

These are only a few of the easiest kind of work which invalids can do. So much depends not only on the health, but upon the skill of the individual. Paper-flower making, rug knitting, beadwork, and crewels can also be done by some. In almost all fancy work a waste basket standing by will be found the greatest comfort, especially in scrap making.

It is hoped that these suggestions will be useful to other invalids besides those whose queries were answered in the recent issues of this paper.

THE FAMILY RELATIONS.—According to the Talmud, if your wife is of small stature, bow down to her and hear her word in reference to domestic as well as worldly affairs. The husband should ever be anxious that proper respect be paid to his wife, because the house is blessed only for her sake. Honor your wife and you will be blessed with riches. Good and bad luck, pleasure and grief, joy and sorrow, are in the hands of the wife.

Who takes unto himself a wife, brings luck to the house, or a yawning gulf. Who lives without a wife knows no pleasure, no bliss, no blessing. Who has to thank so much to his wife will not only treat her with the utmost regard and respect, but make her position in the house fully equal to his own.

Confidential Correspondents.

GRAHAM.—You will find active bodily exercise the best cure for your "nervousness." Avoid paying attention to your sensations, which, after all, are but imaginary.

MARIAN.—We do not believe that any man will ever foretell the end of the world. In every age there have been clergymen, and others, who have proved to the satisfaction of many that the last hour was at hand.

G. M. N.—The idea of lighting with gas is as old as the latter part of the seventeenth century. Gas was prepared from a certain class of coal as early as the year 1681, but no practical use was made of it. Experiments were continued to be made until gas lighting was practically invented in 1792.

WORRIER.—You will never gain flesh or be strong as long as you give way to brain worry. It is not hard work but worry that is responsible for half the cases of breakdown. It is those who do not allow their work or pleasure to disturb their equanimity who are the successful men of all occupations.

ABINGDON.—The word "brach" in the lines, "And many a brach and many a hound attend Llewellyn's horn," meant originally a female hound, and afterwards any dog of either sex that pursued its prey by the scent. In the former sense it was, to use the quaint expression of an old writer on the subject, "a mannerly name."

SANITAS.—It is by no means necessary for an engagement ring to have only one stone in it, nor are you confined to any particular stone, although diamonds are the greatest favorites. Sapphires, pearls, rubies, and turquoises are used, but not emeralds, as they signify "forsaken." The ring is frequently without stones at all, or if there are any they are deeply set, so that it need not be taken off the finger for washing, etc.

JESSIE.—All flirting is bad, and we should very strongly doubt the love of a man who, while engaged to one girl, flirted with another either in her presence or out of it. Are you sure that you have never been to blame in the same respect? We are afraid, from the tone of your letter, that the love is not very strong on either side; and we should advise you to think well before taking the final step that will bind you to the man for better or worse.

CHADD.—"In reading Keats, I find in his sonnet on Woman, 'To be thy defender I holly burn—to be a Calido r.' Who or what is a Calidore?" Calidore was a knight of the Round Table of King Arthur, and celebrated for his prowess and bravery in defence of the ladies. The name is Greek (beautifully gifted,) a pretty name too. Sir Calidore is also introduced in Spenser's Fairy Queen, where, typical of courtesy, he is supposed to be intended for Sir Philip Sidney, Spenser's friend.

L. B. B.—Orange blossoms are worn as indicating purity, and a sweet savor of chaste goodness; hence they are emblematical of the virgin and the bride. We cannot find the date of their introduction into England. The orange was introduced into Europe in 1547, from China, by the Portuguese. It is said that the original tree is still preserved at Lisbon. We should imagine that real orange blossoms were never worn, and that the present orange wreath is comparatively modern—as modern as the importation of French artificial flowers.

WILD ROSE.—Ninon de L'Enclos (pronounced Lan'aios) was a French woman who "thought like Epicurus and lived like Lais." She would never marry, but was the patroness of Moliere and Fontenelle. Some genuine letters of her writing—but there is little in them—are found in the works of a loose thinker, and deistical fellow, St. Evremond. She is said to have preserved her beauty by the use of cosmetics. Dyeing makes the hair die, and painting kills, as it did the beautiful Miss Gunning, at the age of thirty. However, Ninon did live till a great age, and at near eighty was still very beautiful. Born 1615; died 1706.

FIRST.—The science known as astrology found universal belief among all the nations of antiquity with the exception of the Greek, and also prevailed among all nations throughout the Middle Ages. It is based upon the supposition that the stars are the instruments by which the Creator regulates the course of events in this world. There are persons who still believe in this science, and profess to be able to foretell a person's future by the aspect of the heavens at the time of his birth; and, as they speak of generalities and predict a multitude of possibilities, it is only feasible that one of them may come to pass; but they cannot in any way be relied upon. We trust that neither you nor any other of our readers will play with such edge-tools as the prophecies of these apothecaries.

FRIEND.—The wane of married love is common—a great deal too common—but not so common as the jealous feeling woman have that when their youthful charms are perishing, their husband's love perishes too. This is false, and foolish. Let us honor married men for their constant love. We know many to whom the wife owes money, position, comfort, clothes, house, life itself; who work at home and abroad; whose taste has built the house, or filled the drawing-room for careless wives—queer old dragons, who bully the poor husband, and treat him, not as Sarah treated Abraham, "calling him lord," but as a fatuous old party, who is rather a nuisance than otherwise. Your friend should check her feeling of her husband's coldness; it re-acts on her, and makes her cold. Let her fling away suspicion, act naturally, boldly and well. Love can be purchased only by love.

SPY.—The long story which you send of your love-troubles—your searchings of conscience, your struggles to take the course dictated by your better nature, your failure to take that course, and, finally, the sad ending of the one to whom you had given your heart—is most pathetic; and, assuming it to be exactly as you represent, it is perhaps natural that you should suffer as you say you do. Surely, however, you have consolation in feeling that, after all, such an unequal union could never have brought real happiness, and that the woman to whose hand you had aspired has been saved from what would probably have proved to be lasting misery; and, remembering this, surely a thoughtful, manly fellow, as you appear to be, will not allow yourself to be mastered by mere morbid feelings. You ask for advice. The best we can offer is, that you should seek to divert your present thoughts by work and study; and do not forget that Time the healer is ever kind to those circumstanced as you are.